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Support Our Troops!

FEBRUARY 2005 X VOL. 30 NO. 2



On the Cover A 1st Marine Divison Marine A 15t Marine Divison manne shouts instructions to soldiers of the Iraqi Civil Defense Corps during a firefight while on a joint patrol. Story on page 18.



USMC photo by Cpl. Mathew J. Apprendi





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PALADIN PRESS

THE FIGHTING TOMAHAWK

An Illustrated Guide to Using the Tomahawk and Long Knife as Weapons . by Dwight C. McLemore

The tomahawk has been carried in every American war, including Vietnam, Afghanistan and Iraq. Here the author traces the origins of the tomahawk and uses his dynamic drawings to show how it can be utilized singly or with the



long knife in both offensive and defensive encounters. Includes fighting scenarios, throwing lessons and applications of the war club, 11 x 8 1/2, softcover, illus., 296 pp. \$39.95

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THE QUICK AND DIRTY GUIDE TO LEARNING LANGUAGES FAST • by A.G. Hawke

This workbook was designed for people who need to learn a foreign language fast and who don't want to



learn complicated grammar rules. The author, a Green Beret who is military-certified in seven languages, promises that his unique method can help anyone become functional in any language in seven days and proficient in 30! This book contains no fluff - it's all action. 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, softcover, 176 pp.

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Professional Secrets for Mastering Foreign Languages by Michael D. Janich

This is a distillation of the techniques and strategies used



by the author and other professional linguists from the Defense Language Institute, State Department, CIA, NSA and other government agencies. It includes the 10 rules for establishing and achieving your goals, the author's unique 12-step process for accelerating your learning and 50 proven tips favored by the pros. 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, softcover, photos, 136 pp. #SLN \$19,00

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A Fresh Look at the Fighting Gun by Robert H. Boatman

With his trademark wit and hard-hitting honesty, best-selling gun writer Robert Boatman covers the



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more. 8 1/2 x 11, softcover, photos, 144 pp. #L1911 \$25.00

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Deadly Techniques of Soviet Freedom Fighters during World War II

Translated by Paul J. Schmitt

Learn how regular citizens fought back against Hitler's army in this exclusive translation of the



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by Loren W. Christensen

Do you work with someone who is unusually angry, antisocial, quick to take offense? If so, this person



may be a ticking time bomb. capable of horrific acts of violence on the job. This book provides you with solid information for when quaffire erupts in your office and you need to know what to do right away. Covers what to do before an incident to

increase your safety and how to react when violence explodes. 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, softcover, 120 pp. #PLACE \$15,00

WARRIORS

On Living with Courage, Discipline, and Honor edited by Loren W. Christensen



This powerful collection of essays examines the true meaning of warriorhood through the eyes of those who live it. Veterans of the military, law enforcement, martial arts, firearms and personal security fields speak candidly on duty, courage, sacrifice, fear, training, mind-set, motivation and more. 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, softcover, 376 pp. #WARR \$20.00

FIREARM SUPPRESSOR PATENTS

Vol. 1: United States Patents

by N.R. Parker; foreword by Al Paulson



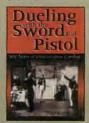
Silencer industry insider N.R. Parker analyzes the most significant, historic and effective firearm silencer designs ever patented in the United States. Find out how suppressors from World War II to today's state-of-the-art cans are built, and learn about the many innovative techniques used to suppress the noise of gunshots from pistols, rifles and machine guns, 8 1/2 x

11, softcover, illus., 384 pp. #FSP1

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400 Years of One-on-One Combat . by Paul Kirchner Researching memoirs, trial transcripts and period newspapers, Paul Kirchner has uncovered a wealth of eyewit-



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ness accounts of deadly duels many translated into English for the first time. More than 60 encounters with the sword or pistol are covered, including horseback duels, bowie knife duels, suicide duels and profiles of such notorious duelists as "Fighting" Fitzgerald, Aaron Burr and Benito Mussolini. 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, softcover, illus., 480 pp. #DUEL

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BY ROBERT K. BROWN

A Marine Writes Home

Gerry Patrick Hemming, former Marine and soldier of fortune passed to SOF this email from a Marine in the 11th MEU in Iraq. The letter was posted on powerlineblog.com . You won't see this in the mainstream media, that's for sure.

- RKB

A young Marine and his cover man cautiously enter a room just recently filled with insurgents armed with Ak-47's and RPG's. There are three dead, another wailing in pain. The insurgent can be heard saying, "Mister, mister! Diktoor, diktoor (doctor)!" He is badly wounded, lying in a pool of his own blood. The Marine and his cover man slowly walk toward the injured man, scanning to make sure no enemies come from behind. In a split second, the pressure in the room greatly exceeds that of the outside, and the concussion seems to be felt before the blast is heard.

Marines outside rush to the room. and look in horror as the dust gradually settles. The result is a room filled with the barely recognizable remains of the deceased, caused by an insurgent setting off several pounds of explosives.

The Marines' remains are gathered by teary eyed comrades, brothers in arms, and shipped home in a box. The families can only mourn over a casket and a picture of their loved one, a life cut short by someone who hid behind a white flag.

But no one hears these stories, except those who have lived to carry remains of a friend, and the families who loved the dead. No one hears this, so no one cares.

This is the story everyone hears: A young Marine and his fire team cautiously enter a room just recently filled with insurgents armed with AK-47's and RPG's. There are three dead, another wailing in pain. The insugent can be heard saying, "Mister, mister! Diktoor, diktoor (doctor)!" He is badly wounded. Suddenly, he pulls from under his bloody clothes a grenade, without the pin. The explosion rocks the room, killing one Marine, wounding the others. The young Marine catches shrapnel in the face.

The next day, same Marine, same type of situation, a different story. The young Marine and his cover man enter a room with two wounded insurgents.

One lies on the floor in puddle of blood, another against the wall. A reporter and his camera survey the wreckage inside, and in the background can be heard the voice of a Marine, "He's moving, he's moving!"

The pop of a rifle is heard, and the insurgent against the wall is now dead. Minutes, hours later, the scene is aired on national television, and the Marine is being held for committing a war crime. Unlawful killing. And now, another Marine has the possibility of being burned at the stake for protecting the life of his brethren. His family now wrings their hands in grief, tears

Continued on page 81

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE (USPS 525-810, ISSN 0145-6784), February 2005, Volume 30, Number 2, is published monthly by SOLDIER OF FORTUNE Inc., 5735 Arapahoe Ave., Suite A-5, Boulder, CO 80303-1340. Periodicals Postage is paid at Boulder, CO and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, Subscription Department, POB 348, Mt Morris, IL 61054-0348 or call 1-800-877-5207. U.S. and APO-FPO subscription rate for twelve monthly issues \$34.95. Canada add \$20.00/yr. additional postage (includes GST tax registration business number: 12847 6249 RT). All other countries add \$65.00 U.S. FUNDS ONLY. Single Issue Price — U.S.: \$4.99; United Kingdom: £2.60; Canada: \$6.99. PRINTED IN THE USA.

CONTRIBUTORS: Manuscripts, photographs or drawings are submitted at the contributor's own risk. Material should be mailed to Articles Editor, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, 5735 Arapahoe Ave., Suite A-5, Boulder, CO 80303-1340, and cannot be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage. Any material accepted is subject to such revision as is necessary to meet the editorial requirements of SOF. All digital manuscripts must be submitted in Microsoft Word. All photographs must be credited and be accurately identified. Payment will be made at rates current at time of publication. Editorial office phone number is 303-449-3750 ext. 309. Copyright © 2004 by SOLDIER OF FORTUNE Magazine Inc. All Rights Reserved.

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MAGAZINE



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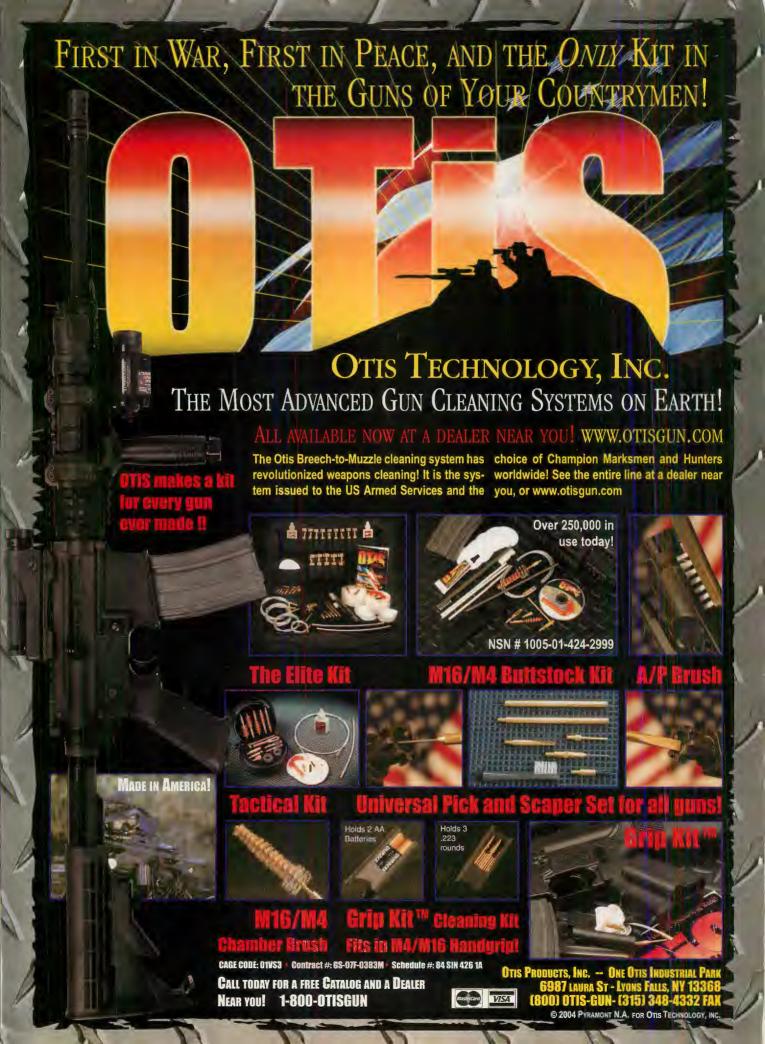
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Toys For Troops

In one of your recent issues was an article or a letter containing a list of recommended gear for soldiers going to Iraq or Afghanistan. I'd like to purchase that issue, or otherwise get access to that recommended list for my niece and nephew who are both Marines. Thanks.

J. Ben Newman

In our September issue, we ran the feature No Bull List by SFC Dillard J. Johnson, with a list of T&E'd gear that the troopers of the 7th Cav are making sure they take back over with them. In the November issue we ran a FLAK letter by SGT Alonso, with a list of personal gear he found to be particularly useful on his deployment there. In the January issue, we ran a letter via John Farnam, with a short-list of gear one of John's students, Marine Master Sergeant Earl Mitchell, was soliciting on behalf of leathernecks in the sandbox. We're reprinting that short-list here, as well as a note from Mitchell to the Farnam's to illustrate how much such items mean to the troops — and in case you do not have a specific troop to send these things to, we have again given MSGT Mitchell's address, as we know he will see all items get to young hands that can use them.

Note that SFC Johnson's article has been reprinted on line at: www.miiftary.com/soldiertech/0,14632,Soldiertech_List,,00.html.

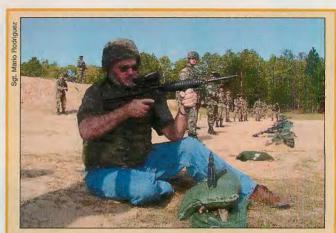
MSGT Mitchell's Short-List

White socks
Dry lube (Hoppe's, Outer's, Remington)
9mm and .223 Boresnake
Beretta OEM 92F normal-capacity magazines
Multi-tools (Gerber 600, Leatherman, SOG, Buck)
Surefire flashlights
LED "soft" lights
Fixed and folding knives by Cold Steel, Emerson, Ka-Bar,
Camillus, Gerber, Buck

MSGT Mitchel's Thanks to the Farnams:

"Well, bear with me for I'm not of elegant speech or writing, but I will do my best to express my gratitude for your support, and support of your friends and comrades over here. There have been some wonderful packages containing items that all have enjoyed.

It is nice to see the faces of those who receive gifts, like a knife, a flashlight, cleaning gear, socks, and Surefire batteries. They all know these items are not cheap and are usually bewildered when they receive such items, wondering who in the world would be so generous to give such things and how did I get so lucky to receive them. For many, a sergeant and below, they have not had a wonderful childhood where parents had money, nor do they. So, buying items such as ones given by you and your friends is a luxury they do not have. I know a lot of us take this for granted and can buy these things with little or no thought of the price, but, to the ones to whom I give these items, I can see written in their faces the thanks that they will never



Uncle Sam's and Santa's Helpers: Mark Schindel of Gerber Blades checks out the M4 with troopers of 3/7th Cav, while he demonstrates some of Gerber's war fighting tools and blades. Because Gerber has a superior product line, and will do whatever it takes to support our troops, 7th Cav was one of many units who took a lot of Gerber steel back to the sandbox, about the time you read this. If YOU have a favorite deployed trooper, go to the Gerber web site (www.GerberBlades.com) for information on their extensive product line. Ask any GI who carries one, and they will tell you the Multiplier® is not just handy — it's a lifesaver. Go Cav! And attaboy, Gerber.

be able to express, but they cherish the item as if they had received a sack of gold!"

MSgt Earl Mitchell MWSG-37 UIC 41106 FPO, AP 96426-1106

Farnam noted that a message like that makes his day. As does it ours. If you want to really help these guys and gals, put a package together and send it on. It will get to those who need it.

Gloves

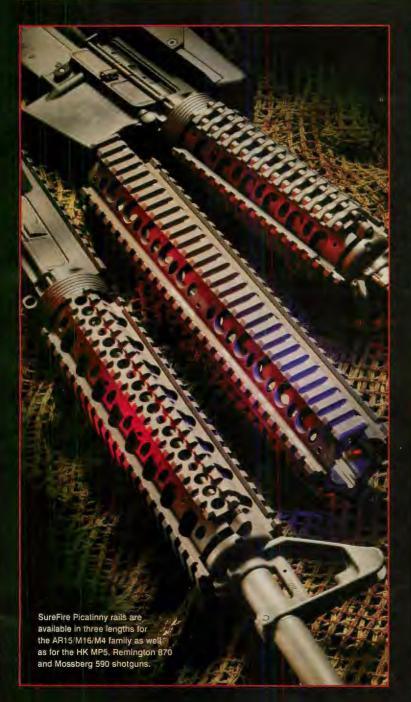
I need to know what Hellstorm gloves to buy. I have taken up a collection at work for a buddy in Iraq. He is a diesel mechanic and said he could use gloves, but Blackhawk makes many different varieties of the "Hellstorm." Which should I get to best suit his needs? I'm thinking SOLAG full finger light assault, non-kevlar. He asked for "cheap Mechanic's gloves," but I refuse to send him anything but the best.

Thanks for staying at the top of the pile (my magazine pile that is).

BK

We've never ran across anybody with a gripe about any model Hellstorm glove — or any other Blackhawk product for

SUREFIRE QUALITY, PICATINNY ENGINEERING. THE BEST RAIL FORENDS HAVE ARRIVED.



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SureFire recognized a need for a better attachment interface for a Picatinny rail forend to fit on the AR15/M16 family of weapons, and designed the SureFire Picatinny rail forend accordingly. The new forends lock up with rigid tension, allowing the operator to mount an optic or other targeting device—without any zero shift.

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- Three models for all AR15/M16 forend lengths
- · Meets SureFire's demanding quality standards
- · Unparalleled value, a remarkable price





that matter, so we feel confident he'd like any full-finger model they produce. On his first tour in Iraq, SFC Dillard Johnson took a couple pairs of Sears mechanic's gloves, and reported they gave excellent service for the money as well, and when they gave out he used Hellstorm Assault Gloves, which lasted his tour. Sear's has been very good about supporting their employees who got called up from Guard and Reserve units.

From Down Under

I would like to commend your staff, and yourself, on putting out an excellent (non-touchy feely) magazine.

We have military publications in Australia, but they are full of politically correct crap. Lots of pictures of staged soldiers who are told to smile and do nothing that may offend the vocal minority, or stories about "gee whiz this is a big plane, see Spot and Johnny next to the big plane."

Nothing that is as confronting or as real as USMC snipers (Sergeant Joshua Hamblin and his partner Sergeant Mulder, August 2004) doing exactly what they are trained for, and doing it damn well.

That is in no way, meant to denigrate neither country's soldier's abilities, courage or integrity. I give them far more respect than does the Australian media, it seems. Please pass on my thanks and gratitude to these soldiers, and all of their colleagues, who thought one day that the military would be a great career, and who daily place there life at our free feet. More importantly, thank their families who support and fear for them.

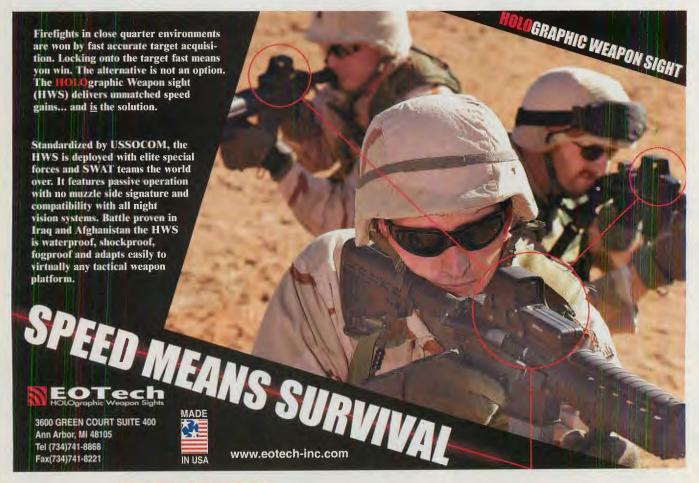
To that end, it is excellent to see that the USA followed us for a change, and re-elected a guy who is willing to put his anatomy on the block as is our head honcho, John Howard. Both leaders have come in for plenty of daggers from academics (I use the term with bitter sarcasm) who accept freedom with contempt, but are too stupid to realize that it ain't free. That big bag of fast food wind Michael Moore, is just as adept at spinning crap as the best political spin doctors. The sooner you throw that fool into Fallujah in an Orange suit the better.

Best wishes to you all. Brad Beecroft

Bounty Hunting for Fun and Profit

I have been watching A&E's Dog the Bounty Hunter and not too many people know this, but anyone can be a bounty hunter. All you have to do is go to your nearest U.S. Post Office and snatch a wanted poster from the wall and do your own investigation, make a civilian's arrest and voila ... you're now an official bounty hunter. When I was an MP in the Army, I was all gung-ho on the law enforcement theme of life and when I got out, I took the test for the Sacramento County Sheriff's Department and passed, and took the State Correctional Officer test, and passed. I got placed on a large list and the freeze hit and I wasn't called on for any of the Being impatient, I contacted the Sacramento County Sheriff's Department and they had a bounty out for a drug dealer in the Greenhaven/Sacramento area. I made some connections and made the bust for them, and received the bounty money. Later on I went into the Army again and went Military Intelligence, it wasn't until I came out of the Army again that I confronted the friends of the person I busted in a nightclub called Charlie Brown's. This was 12 years

Continued on page 79





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Initially, GIs coming home on leave from Iraq were flown into Germany, Baltimore/Washington International, Dallas/Fort Worth or Atlanta, and had to pay their way home from there — a costly flight. Operation Hero Miles was created in response, which allowed civilians to donate frequent flier miles to be used by these troops. The success of the program and public pressure wrought a change in Pentagon policy, and the troops are now flown home. That's appropriate, and good news.

But your miles are still needed, as they are used to pay for tickets for troops returning home on emergency leave, and to fly families of wounded soldiers to U.S. military hospitals.

For how you can help a lot without spending a dime, go to: http://www.heromiles.org

A to Z Firearms Refresher Course

- A: An armed man is a citizen. An unarmed man is a subject.
- B: A gun in the hand is better than a cop on the phone.
- C: Smith & Wesson the original point and click interface.
- D: Gun Control is not about guns it's about control.
- E: If guns are outlawed, can we use swords?
- F: If guns cause crime, then pencils cause misspelled werds.
- G: Free men do not ask permission to bear arms.
- H: If you don't know your rights, then you don't have any.
- I: Those who trade liberty for security have neither.
- J: The United States Constitution © 1791 by "We, The People." All Rights Reserved.
- K: What part of "shall not be infringed" do you not understand?
- L: The Second Amendment is in place in case they ignore the others.
- M: 64,999,987 American gun owners killed no one today.
- N: Guns only have two enemies; Rust and Politicians.
- O: Know guns, know peace and safety. No guns, no peace nor safety.



Go Army! Just as stock car racing has contributed mightily to the science of automotive development, so have techniques developed on the NASCAR circuit benefited military ops. Pitstop technology is being adapted as a model to quickly service equipment from missile detense launchers to Navy fighters.



"Old soldiers never die..." They just get upgraded for the job at hand. Cav troopers from Vietnam will recognize the concept of the old ACAV in this M113 being upgraded at Ft. Stewart for service in Iraq with the 7th Cav. In addition to upgraded armor, these Gavins will now mount a Ma Deuce or Mk 19, and M249s, be used primarily by command, for re-supply and medevac.

- P: You don't shoot to kill; You shoot to live.
- Q: 911 government-sponsored Dial a Prayer.
- R: Assault is a behavior, not a device.
- S: Criminals love gun control it makes their jobs safer.
- T: If guns cause crime, then matches cause arson.
- U: Only a government that is afraid of its citizens tries to control them.
- V: You only have the rights you are willing to fight to keep. W: Enforce the thousands of "gun control laws" we already have, don't make more.
- X: When you remove the people's right to bear arms, you create slaves.
- Y: The American Revolution would never have happened with Gun Control.
- Z: "...a government by the people, for the people..."

 (Courtesy www.StrangeCosmos.com . Used by permission)

Boxes:

Four boxes protect our freedom. They are: Soap, Ballot, Jury, and Ammo. That is also the correct sequence of use. (courtesy Cecil Roper, Roper Products [roperpro@ard-more.com])

Duct Tape: Fighting Man's Secret Weapon

Marines on the ground in Iraq are asking for duct tape, electrician's tape, and flex cuffs to humanely secure enemy prisoners. Hint: send fabric (not vinyl) duct tape. And when you are in the electrical department getting the electrician's tape, ask for heavy wire ties (U.S. made only, the imports don't hold): When they are called "flex cuffs," the price goes



AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY. 1225 SOUTH GRAND AVE. LOS ANGELES, CA 90015

BULLETIN BOARD

up dramatically — wire ties are not expensive.

If you don't have a particular troop to send them to, here's one we were told needs some:

Cpl Robert L. Gallup 1st BN 3rd Mar Charlie Co Unit 44030 FPO/APO 96607-4030

Rules for Gunfighting (According to the USMC) USMC:

- 1. Be courteous to everyone, friendly to no one.
- 2. Decide to be aggressive enough, quickly enough.
- 3. Have a plan.
- 4. Have a back-up plan, because the first one probably won't work.
- 5. Be polite. Be professional. But, have a plan to kill everyone you meet.
- 6. Do not attend a gunfight with a handgun whose caliber does not start with a "4."
- 7. Anything worth shooting is worth shooting twice. Ammo is cheap. Life is expensive.
- 8. Move away from your attacker. Distance is your friend. (Lateral & diagonal preferred.)
- 9. Use cover or concealment as much as possible.
- 10. Flank your adversary when possible. Protect yours.
- 11. Always cheat; always win. The only unfair fight is the one you lose.
- 12. In 10 years nobody will remember the details of caliber, stance, or tactics. They will only remember who lived.
- 13. If you are not shooting, you should be communicating.

copyrighted theirs, make your own.

5. Plan what new weapons to deploy ten years from now. When that times comes, make new plans.

U.S. Air Force

- 1. Have a cocktail.
- 2. Adjust temperature on air-conditioner.
- 3. See what's on HBO.
- 4. Determine "what is a gunfight."
- 5. Request more funding from Congress with a "killer" PowerPoint presentation.
- 6. Wine and dine key Congressmen, invite DoD and defense industry executives.
- 7. Receive funding, set up new command and assemble assets.
- 8. Declare the assets "strategic" and never deploy them operationally.
- 9. Tell the Navy to send the Marines.

U.S. Navy

- 1. Go to Sea.
- 2. Drink Coffee.
- 3. Watch movies.
- 4. Send the Marines.

Quotable Quote:

"A man can never have too much red wine, too many books, or too much ammunition." — Rudyard Kipling

Vets Legacy Site: Worth a Look

Everyone is invited to visit our Veterans Legacy web site, you will find it informative and interesting. **www.veteransle-gacy.com** — Stephen D. Neri

Navy SEALS

- 1. Look very cool in sunglasses.
- 2. Kill every living thing within view.
- 3. Return quickly to looking cool in latest beachwear.
- 4. Check hair in mirror.

U.S. Army Rangers

- 1. Walk in 50 miles wearing 75-pound ruck while starving.
- 2. Locate individuals requiring killing.
- 3. Request permission via radio from "Higher" to perform killing.
- 4. Curse bitterly when mission is aborted.
- 5. Walk out 50 miles wearing a 75-pound ruck while starving.

U.S. Army

- 1. Select a new beret to wear.
- 2. Sew combat patch on right shoulder.
- 3. Change the color of beret you decide to wear.
- 4. See which war-fighters have sexy new cammies. If the Marines have



Hair and grass, High and Tight. GI handtrims a small patch of home he planted in front of his tent at an undisclosed location in the Sandbox. Next tour: tomatoes...

Ceremonial Bugle

We're losing vets from the WWII era at such a rate, there are not nearly enough buglers to serve at military funerals, leading to the unfortunate practice of playing "Taps" on a CD player.

Now, an electronic bugle that plays "Taps" (and a host of other calls) by itself has been developed in conjunction with the DoD, making it possible to have a much more respectful and distinguished means by which to provide the playing of taps during military funeral honors. Since its introduction in late 2003, more than 5000 Ceremonial Bugles have been purchased by the military and Veteran Service Organizations and have been played at more than 30,000 funerals during military funeral honors ceremonies.

Information about the Ceremonial Bugle can be found at www.ceremonialbugle.com or by calling 212-426-3268. 突

LETHAL STRIKES

HOW TO KILL INSTANTLY With Your Bare Hands!

Learn 13 Lightning-Fast, Heart Stopping Death Blows & Boa Constrictor Death Chokes in Just One Evening!

by Jason Marks

Dear Friend,

Have you ever heard that "imitation is the highest form of flattery"? When you look through this magazine you'll see lots of ads that "look" and "sound" like ours.

Why? Because *Lethal Strikes* is one of the bestselling, most popular Martial Arts videos worldwide. It's a huge success, and rightly so.

We're flattered that so many advertisers are going out of their way to duplicate our success. And alot of their videos are cool and have some great instructors, but *Lethal Strikes* is the <u>ONLY</u> video that shows you HOW TO KILL INSTANTLY in Self-Defense. Period.

Would you like to have lethal skills so ingrained that they switch on automatically when you need them most? If so, this is going to be the most important thing you ever read:

Human life is sacred and should NEVER be taken, unless in an act of Self-Defense when there is no other way to save your own life. Think about it right now: If you had to kill to save your life, could you really do it? If your life depended on it, would you know how?

It's shocking to even have to consider the idea of having to kill a man with your bare hands, right? But if I didn't slam the possibility into your brain, what kind of instructor would I be?

You could be out enjoying a nice time with your family or friends - and suddenly find yourself surrounded by thugs. Maybe they just want to "have a good time" with your wife or girlfriend. Maybe they want to snatch your kids and "sell" them on the black market. Or, maybe they just want your cash and decide they're NOT going to let anyone identify them in a line-up.

It's sickening. But it's how the real world is. Anyone who says otherwise is in "denial." It's statistically proven that by middle age YOU WILL BE ATTACKED.

Wouldn't it be a sick, perverse waste of your martial arts skills NOT to understand the dynamics of real-world Lethal Strikes? Wouldn't everything else you know be a waste if you couldn't protect yourself or your loved ones at the most crucial moment of violent criminal attack?

In a violent crisis, <u>you won't have time</u> to "think it over" or "get ready," or do fancy high kicks that look great in tournaments and movies. No! You'll automatically do one of two things:

- 1) Unleash a Rapid-Fire Barrage of Nerve Exploding, Heart-Stopping Lethal Strikes, Or. . .
- Get carried off on a stretcher or WORSE, in a Body Bag!

Sadly, do you know what happens to 99.8% of the people faced with a situation like this, <u>even experienced martial artists?</u>... They Completely Freeze! Like a Deer Caught in the Headlights!

Criminals, perverts and terrorists use brutal injury and death as a "psychological jerk-off" - they get an emotional high by invoking fear and harming innocent people.

I hope you never bave to feel your veins turn to ice and your stomach sink as you know, right then and there, that you're about to be Beaten Bloody, Raped or Killed. But let's face it: in today's world - it could happen at any time!

The karate schools aren't teaching this - they have rules and formalities they must observe to keep the soccer moms and sports-enthusiasts happy.

The scumbags and criminals on the street have never stepped into a dojo - but they BRUTALIZE, RAPE and KILL every day!

How do you deal with someone who can do that - and has lots of experience doing it? HERE'S HOW: you learn what they know - How to Brutally Destroy, Maim or Kill Instantly and without Hesitation. It's that simple.

When some bloodthirsty thug chooses you as his next piece of meat, if you can't do what he can do you're dead! Here's the good news...

Andrew Scott teaches Law Enforcement, Military and Corporate personnel these techniques and charges thousands of bucks for it. This stuff can't be learned from a book. You must see it in action. That's why we put it all in a video package - that you can learn in a single evening!

Right now is YOUR chance to get these deadly skills and make them your own for only \$49 bucks!

Right away you'll learn a simple method to <u>De-</u> program Fear Instantly. FEAR is the #1 Killer.

Listen to me: if you're afraid, if you're unfamiliar with lethal combat, and you get attacked, guess what - you will be killed or severely mutilated. I hate fear! Fear is the #1 destroyer of all good people. Andrew will show you how to de-program it and get it out of your life for good.

And after you absorb his NEW Video, I'm sure you'll agree with me - It'll be the most valuable video you ever own! Period. And I can prove it to you. Just look at *some* of the hard-hitting knowledge and skills you'll get to keep for a lifetime:

- How to Fire a Rapid Barrage of Death Blows, Before He Knows What Hit Him!
- How to Quickly Diminish the Enemy, Cause Massive Pain, then Deliver the Kill Shot!
- The Suicide Gun Reversal He Pulled the Trigger and Now He's Dead!
- Disable Shots: How to Instantly Disable Your Attacker Without Killing Him
- Silent Stalking How To Take Out A Terrorist, Guard Or Sentry Before He Can Make A Peep
- How To Turn Your Pain Into A Weapon
- Three Lethal Ways To End A Ground Fight -Instantly (Not For The Squeamish)
- Get Out From The Mount 4 Ways That End in
- How To Terrorize Multiple Attackers While Empty-Handed
- · Take His Knife Then Slice Him To Ribbons!
- 3 Master Keys to making sure you score a Lethal Strike - every time.
- · What your Dojo isn't teaching, could get you killed!

And, It Doesn't Matter How Old, Slow, Skinny or Clumsy You Are, or Even How Much You Weigh!

Even a Skinny Nerd can drop a Bloodthirsty Thug Like a Sack of Potatoes with these Techniques!

"As a Veteran Military Police Officer, I've been in just about every kind of violent encounter you can imagine and I can tell you THIS STUFF WORKS!" Mark Underwood, Dallas, TX

This is all to YOUR ADVANTAGE: the street criminals rely on your fear and ignorance, and would never have the personal integrity to study this - they're also too cheap! But YOU, just by studying "Lethal Strikes," INSTANTLY HAVE the Tactical Advantage Over Every Criminal!

Right here and NOW, when you make this course yours, you'll be getting the equivalent of a Ph.D. in lethal fighting! You'll never walk in fear again, and when you're attacked, you'll "know what to do, and how to do it."

You don't have to spend weeks, months or even days memorizing non-essentials and routine stuff. Lethal Strikes is set up in a completely organized, easy-to-learn progression.

In just a few hours you can master the "Golden Secret" of all martial arts, and you can laugh at all the smug instructors and friends who think they "know" all about fighting. Your newly acquired skills will scare them to death!

And watch how people notice you've been transformed by learning these secrets! That "something different about you" will be the calm confidence that comes from knowing you can handle whatever the forces of darkness throw your way. It magnetizes people. I've seen it happen to Andrew's students whenever they walk into a room full of people.

Order Now and you'll receive these 4 FREE Bonuses!

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Bonus #2: The "MENTAL WARFARE SECRETS" Book

Bonus #3: The SHOCKING Report
"Everything is a Weapon: Utilizing Your
Environment for Lethal Strikes."

This report is so bloody and effective, they tried to ban it!

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Rinky, Dinky, Parlay Coup

Big Names, Big Money, Run Amok In Equatorial Guinea

BY DR. MARTIN BRASS

bunch of foolish blokes, weren't they, those mercs that tried to overthrow the Equatorial Guinea government," the grizzled British former French Foreign Legionnaire said.

"This is the revenge of the black African governments against the white mercs.

"They were stupid to recruit local black former soldiers who used to work for the apartheid government, weren't they? And then they trained them in one weeks' time, right in front of South African intelligence. Bloody fools."

"How could they recruit nearly a hundred men so fast?" I asked.

"It's easy to do," he reflected. "It's the old boys' network. One guy finds out they're recruiting, the terms and price, and he tells another and then he tells another and another. In Rhodesia, for example, the mercs hung out in a bar where the colored girls catered to the white man.

"Every one knew what plot was coming down before it

This professional soldier, who requested anonymity, had fought for the Rhodesian and South African governments during the apartheid years, after he completed his five-year enlistment in the French Foreign Legion.

RKB had been involved with the same Legionnaire, other foreign volunteers, and other SOF staffers, in the last firefight

against the terrorists in Rhodesia in March of 1980.

I had spent a summer with him being introduced to the clandestine, surreal world of the British merc.

"We pulled out of South Africa when the black government took over and started putting on the heat. They didn't look kindly on the white soldiers hired by the old regime. The death sentence was their answer."

"What a cast of characters," he chuckled. "There's Iron Lady Former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's son. He's a bit of a scoundrel, that one. Not the brightest. He, for instance, got lost in the desert a few years back with his race-car. The Iron Lady shed some tears when he was found. He gets involved in these big buck international intrigue cases like in the Middle East. And his mum's a bit of a scoundrel, too, isn't she, since she covered for him constantly.

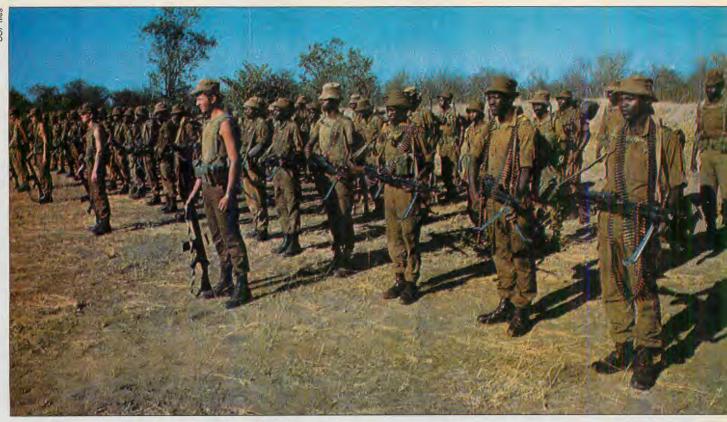
"But Mark Thatcher looks relaxed down there in Cape Town, even though he is under house arrest. His mum bailed him out, like usual. Rumor has it that it cost a couple hundred thousand British pounds."

"This is a murky, quirky plot. There's far more to this Equatorial Guinea coup story than meets the eye," a longtime British private investigator, terrorism expert, and another contact of RKB, who provided me with much of the informa-



Equatorial Guinea was nothing but another African cesspool — until oil was discovered in 1996: then the vultures, mercs and thugs moved in to slurp it up at the black gold banquet table.





The "grunts," recruited for this merc mess were primarily blacks, who had been members of the South African apartied regime's highly effective Special Forces. Under the command of white officers, they provided the bulk of the mercs that successfully operated in Angola and Sierra Leone in the late 1990's. Many of them, like the troops pictured above, got their combat experience fighting terrorists in South West Africa and Angola in the "70's and '80's.

tion on the scandal, predicted. You may never know the entire story, buts it's a bit of British and Western imperialism, isn't it?"

British Foreign Secretary Jack Straw, recently admitted in the House of Commons, under pressure from accusations by Zimbabwe's President Robert Mugabe, that the U.K. and U.S. and Spain were involved, that the U.K. Government had been "informed of the alleged Coup plot" in late January 2004. (Guardian)

Thatcher's Wayward Son

"Look at who all the high profile players are. Margaret Thatcher's son, who has always been involved in shady deals and living on the edge of the law," the P. I. continued. "He used his mother's position and clout to make fortunes, including arms sales to Saudi Arabia, a plan to build a school in Oman, and deals with the Sultan of Brunei. I liked Maggie Thatcher, but her wayward son gives her hell."

"Then there's Lord Jeffery Archer. He's denying everything but no one will believe him. He got caught with a prostitute, or had a friend pay off a prostitute (Monica Coughlin) and had the nerve to sue the newspaper that exposed him. He got a chunk of money from them in that case, but then his past caught up with him.

"When he was appointed mayoral candidate for London, an old friend told the authorities how he had been asked to lie by Archer about an alibi he had fabricated in the trial against the *Daily Star*. Charges were pressed against him. He

thought himself a bit of a ladies man. I think it came out in the trial at the Old Bailey that he had told his secretary to falsify his diaries to cover up his infidelities and cohorting with hookers," he said.

Monica Coughlin, who accused Lord Archer of destroying her life, was killed in a car accident just before his perjury trial.

"He got four years in the slam — served two. But that didn't stop him from making big dollars for his sexy scandalous fiction books. He just wrote in jail. A movie was made out of one of his best sellers by the Americans — (Cain and Able). He had a role in a movie once, and his lusty life slips in and out of reality. He's been a millionaire several times, made and lost several fortunes.

"From rags, he reached the height of political position by being a favorite of Maggie Thatcher, being appointed to the House of Lords and then that catastrophic bid for Mayor of London."

The disgraced lord is now free, involved in this real life African thriller himself.

"It's all about greed. The motive is all about greed," said

And so begins one of the most convoluted, bizarre African thrillers, with shocking twists and turns, since the days of the famous mercenaries Mike Hoare and Bob Denard.

Put aside your Fredrick Forsythe classic, Dogs of War. This one's for real.

White Warlords

On 3 January 2004, a group of conspirators met in a Johannesburg hotel to lay final plans to overthrow the murderous regime in Equatorial Guinea. *The Evening Standard* obtained telephone records reported in this saga.

Simon Mann, Africa's most famous mercenary personality, and Nick du Toit, South African arms dealer, with a business in Equatorial Guinea, were the major warlords.

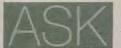
Continued on page 58

FALLUJAH

IS A FOUR-LETTER WORLD

Marines with Company A, First
Battalion, 5th regiment open





any Marine who has fought in Fallujah and they will tell you it was walking into "HELL." The city of 300,000 in the

Sunni Muslim Triangle of Iraq is controlled by a bunch of malcontents and mercenaries who have only one goal; kill as many Marines as possible.

First Battalion, Fifth Marines, the first ground unit to invade Iraq in March 2003, was deployed to Al Anbar



Province a year later to choke off the infiltration of foreign fighters who were slipping across Iraq's porous borders and setting up a base of operations in Fallujah, from which they launched deadly attacks on U.S. and Coalition forces.

The "Fighting Fifth" took responsibility for Fallujah from elements of the U.S. Army's 82nd Airborne Division a few days after insurgents had ambushed four civilian contractors, dragged their badly burned bodies through the streets of the city and hung them from the girders of a bridge like sides of barbecued beef.

Marines from 1/5 approached Fallujah on 4 April and spent the next day digging in on the southeast side of town to begin what First Lieutenant Christopher D. Ayres, 2nd Platoon Commander, Bravo Company, described as a five-phase operation.

"Operation Vigilant Resolve was a theater-level operation in which 1/5 played a small part. We were [1] Tasked to cordon off the city; [2] attack and occupy key objectives throughout the city; [3] prosecute selected targets throughout the city; [4] augment security operations with an Iraqi brigade; [5] and turn over full operations to the Iraqi brigade."

But the operation Lt. Ayres wrote about in his green logbook started to unravel like a cheap suit within a matter of hours after command of the province changed hands at Camp Fallujah, a few Klicks east of the city.

"Shortly after midnight on 5 April, the battalion was ordered to push into the city," said Corporal Ronnie Garcia, a squad leader in 2nd Squad, 2nd Platoon, the "Deadly Deuces." But they immediately came under heavy rocket, mortar and small arms fire. By daylight, street fighting had slowed to an occasional outburst of automatic weapons fire as 2nd Platoon reached its objective and set up in an L-shaped defense at "Route Orange," the limit of advance into Fallujah.

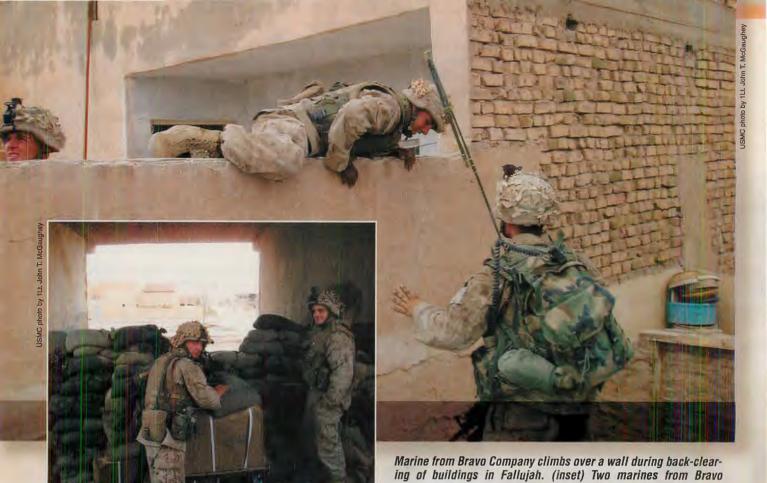
"Sometimes we could see the snipers," said Lt. Ayres, "but most of the time we could only hear the sound of rounds being fired at us." When Second Platoon noticed a lot of vehicle activity around its area on April 6, Ayres and his Marines set up VCPs [Vehicle Control Points] to deter anyone from coming into their zone.

On April 7, 2nd Platoon manned VCPs again while 3rd Platoon was sent out on patrol near the intersection of Route Michigan and Phase Line Violet, the main north-south artery, which along with Route Michigan, cuts Fallujah into four equal-sized sectors.

When 3rd Platoon started taking small-arms fire, Captain Jason E. Smith, Company B's commanding officer, ordered Ayres to deploy 500 meters south and 200 meters west and link up with Alpha Co. to the south and with the 81mm Mortar Platoon and tanks to the west. Second Platoon stopped short of PL Violet when it ran into heavy small-arms fire. Ayres knew the neighborhood was going to be nasty when his Marines discovered 300 empty PG [ammo for RPG launchers] cases on a rooftop in his sector.

By 8 April, 2nd Platoon occupied a cheese factory. While the building provided top cover against mortar and rocket attacks, it wasn't a very pleasant place to be. "The ingredients spoiled when the electricity was cut off," said Garcia, "and the factory smelled like somebody's dirty socks."

While 1st Squad helped the company Gunny bring up the platoon's packs, Ayres took fire teams from 2nd and 3rd squads, and along with Marines from the mortar section, cleared buildings in the area. Inside one building, the Marines found ammunition and crates of rocket-propelled grenades. They also found sniper rifles, AK-47 assault



Company man a forward observation post in Fallujah.

"The building looked like an ammo dump," said Ayers, "and that was just one building in Fallujah. The back-clearing of buildings in his area of responsibility was put on hold when Lt. Ayres got a call from First Lieutenant John T. McGaughey, Bravo Company's executive officer, who told him that Staff Sergeant William Harrell, the platoon sergeant in Weapons Company 1/5, had located a sniper across the street, "and we needed to go kill him," said Ayres.

rifles, rocket launchers and RPK machineguns.

Ayres rounded up 1st squad, which had just returned with the platoon's packs, and headed across the street to a house where the sniper was believed to be hiding. Ayres didn't find the sniper, but he did find a family of four who had ignored warnings to leave Fallujah. They apparently feared if they left, their home would be looted.

While Ayres was on the roof, one of his team leaders, Lance Corporal Dennis Lukyanenko, a Russian immigrant from 1st Squad, informed him that he had a sniper pinned down in an alley.

Face To Face With The Enemy

With help from SSgt Harrell and a squad of machine gunners, Lt. Ayres pushed toward the sniper. Hugging a wall as he came around the corner of a building, Ayres ran head-on into the sniper.

"We both emptied a magazine, but didn't hit each other," said Ayres, who got nicked in the face with chips of bricks blown off a wall by the AK rounds. "It was hilarious. I couldn't believe it. There we were, toe to toe, blasting away thirty meters from each other and we both walked away unscathed," he chuckled.

After closing on that side of the building, "Luke" came running up the alley up to say that he'd seen the sniper dart into a house across a nearby open field. Under fire from a handful of insurgents across the field, Ayres and his men ran to the last covered and concealed position near the house. "When I called back to company command post, the XO sent me First Lieutenant [Joshua M.] Palmer and 3rd Squad, and pushed me some tanks as well," Ayres said. Weapons Platoon commanded GySgt Sean Cox was also pushed to Ayres.

Harrell took up a position on the other side of rubble that he and Ayres shared. But as Lt. Ayres stepped back to see if everyone was in place, a shot rang out. SSgt Harrell was mortally wounded in the throat by a sniper in the house.

"The round went just above his clavicle [a bone that links the sternum with the scapula, the two large flat triangular bones that form the back part of the shoulder] on his left side and pretty much damaged his aorta, causing him to have difficulty breathing. We ripped off his flak [armored vest] and shirt, took his web gear off, found the wound and started putting pressure on it while Doc [HM3 Seth O. Schlotfeldt] opened his first aid kit," said Ayres. Harrell was hit as he was providing covering fire for his Marines to cross an open area to where Ayres had set up his position.

As Ayres explained to Lt. Palmer what was going on and where he needed him, one of Palmer's Marines, Lance Corporal Maqsood Ahmadi got shot in the inner left thigh in almost the same spot where SSgt Harrell was standing. While Ayres waited for a medevac to arrive, Palmer and some of his Marines entered the house and exchanged hand grenades with the occupants.

Moments later, Ayres heard on his ISR [Intra Squad

Radio) that Lt. Palmer was down. A sniper who was hiding in the kitchen killed Palmer with a single shot. Palmer, right handed, apparently stepped from a doorway on the right side of a hallway leading to the kitchen so he could accurately chuck a grenade at the gunman. It exposed him for a split second to the sniper who took him down with a shot to the heart in the upper left chest. The "up man," one of Palmer's squad leaders, who was closest to the kitchen, killed the sniper with a bullet to the head. Two other enemy personnel with grenades hanging on their waist were detained along with two women and five children in the house. A second gunman was found hiding outside the building. Lt. Ayres identified the dead sniper as the same gunman he fired at a few minutes earlier in the Wild West style shootout in a nearby alley.

Loaded for Bear

Lt. Ayres ordered some of his Marines to search the dead sniper while others gently carried Lt. Palmer's lifeless body from the house. "While they were searching the dead guy, they pulled up his shirt, and found a pull cord attached to a white canvas suicide vest packed with blocks of C-4 explosive," said Ayres who asked one of his Marines, Corporal Bruno J. Romero, a machinegun team leader, to take pictures of what they had found. He wanted "higher ups" to see what his Marines were up against in Fallujah.

The day before, Marines from Alpha Company had found more than 50 suicide vests in a warehouse in their sector, but no one at the time thought snipers would don those vests. Capt. Smith says it wasn't until more dead snipers were found wearing the vests that the battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Brennan Byrne, realized 1/5 was dealing with hardcore insurgents.

"Thank God a Marine dropped the sniper dead in his tracks before he could pull the cord," added Ayres, "Otherwise he'd have gone out in a blaze of glory and taken a lot of Marines with him."

What did the sniper look like? "This guy didn't look like an Iraqi. He looked Syrian to me," said Ayres, who noted that the dead man's hair was not wavy like an Iraqi.

"His hair was tight and frilly like an African-American. He was also dark complected and wore tennis shoes, not light-complected like Iraqis, who wear sandals and loose fitting clothing," said Ayres. The gunman was wearing long gray pants, a rust-colored shirt and a white scarf around his neck and a bandolier of AK-47 ammunition over his shoulder. Capt. Smith says his men later killed other snipers in

Fallujah, some of whom had Syrian money in their pockets.

After telling Capt. Smith what he had found, Ayres told the CO he was going to "blow the sniper in place."

"I didn't want another insurgent taking that vest off the dead man and using it against other Marines," said Ayres, who rolled an M-67 fragmentation grenade under the sniper's body and barely made it to the front door of the house before the grenade exploded. The blast shattered every window in the house. When Ayres came out the front door into the courtyard, the CO exclaimed, "Damn Son!!" Ayres explained it wasn't the grenade that did all that damage.

The grenade had caused the C-4 to explode, the thunderous blast blowing a three-foot-long trench in the concrete kitchen floor. When asked what was left of the sniper, Ayres said, "Nothing. Just lots of smoke and a big hole in the floor."

Bravo Company spent the next couple of days, April 9-10, finding more ammunition and weapons as they back-cleared more buildings in their sector.

On 11 April, Private First Class George Torres in 3rd Platoon was hit in the head by small arms fire. Ironically, he and Lance Corporal Dustin M. Pangelinan, an assistant automatic rifleman, who was hit in the legs and face, were wounded in the same block where Lt. Palmer and SSgt Harrell were killed. Torres died two weeks later of his wounds.

By 12 April, Lt. Col. Byrne was tired of getting his Marines picked off one at a time by snipers. He pushed Ayres across Phase Line Violet to give the enemy a different look.

Hunters Become the Hunted

On 13 April, Lt. Ayres and 2nd Platoon crossed PL Violet at 0400 and established forward listening posts in three houses along the north-south axis. By afternoon, Ayres and his Marines needed additional food, water and ammo, but the re-supply mission was launched before Ayres could set out security to guide them in. As a result, the Humvee with badly needed supplies overshot Ayres' position and got ambushed by insurgents.

"We don't take too kindly to having our chow interrupted," said Lance Corporal Abraham McCarver, a 21 year old SAW gunner from Memphis, Tennessee. "Next to mail, chow's about the only thing that brightens a Marine's day," said McCarver, who fought with Bravo Co. when 1/5 invaded Iraq in March 2003.

When advised of what happened, the XO pushed two Amphibian Assault Vehicles [AAVs] forward to Ayres, one for 2nd Squad, one for 3rd Squad. Together they fanned out to find the dozen or so insurgents who had shot up their re-supply vehicle.

"It was working great. We were mowing the enemy down," said Ayres who was advised by the gunner that the other track was firing 360 degrees at the enemy to the north of them. When Ayres asked Corporal Kevin D. Kolm, the crew chief/gunner to contact 3rd Squad and tell them he wanted to link up with them, Kolm couldn't raise anyone on the radio.

"Third squad was pushing farther west than we were,"



Marines in 3rd Platoon, Bravo Co., 1st Battalion, 5th Regiment who killed the sniper that killed their platoon commander were surprised to find he was wearing a vest of C-4 explosives. Fortunately he was killed before he pulled the detonater (inset).

said McCarver, "but soon they became engulfed in enemy fire." Three RPGs knocked out their radios. One of the rocket-propelled grenades exploded in the troop compartment, wounding at least one Marine and setting the track on fire.

Thinking that 3rd Squad was still pushing west a couple of streets north of him, Lt. Ayres also kept pushing in that direction, hoping to make visual contact and link up. At that point, the crippled track turned around and limped back to friendly lines. No such luck for 2nd Squad. Their track could not turn around. And the deeper they pressed into enemy territory, the greater the volume of fire they faced.

"When I couldn't get comm with 3rd Squad, I called back to the XO and gave him a sitrep. I told him I couldn't contact my other track, but I was going to push up and try to make visual contact. When we reached an open field and couldn't see the other track, I got the XO on the horn again and told him I was going to push another 200 meters and then turn around, but as soon as we started to move up, we came under heavy fire," said Ayres.

In response, the rate of fire from the "Deadly Deuces" went from rapid to cyclic in seconds. So did the sound of gunfire. It was deafening. "We got shot at with three RPGs to the front, then volleys of rocket-propelled grenades from the sides. RPGs were coming from everywhere, some hit the street, and some flew over our heads," said McCarver who saw one of the RPGs hit the tower of a mosque.

Ayres got hit right at the start of the ambush. A rocket-propelled grenade penetrated the side of the AAV right below the track commander's hatch, hitting him in the right leg and exploding in the engine compartment, setting the track on fire. "When I looked down at my leg, I could see my cammies were blackened, but I couldn't feel my leg. It was numb instantly. And it's been numb ever since," said Ayres as he spoke to this reporter.

"The round blew off my hamstring," said Ayres who now wears a special cast on his injured leg that looks like a giant shoehorn. The explosion knocked Private First Class Mathew D. Puckett, a 19-year-old Marine from Mason, Texas, unconscious for a few minutes. An amtrack can go about 40 miles per hour on a hard road. McCarver wished it could have gone Mach 1.

Cpl. Romero wished he had his M240G machinegun with him when he and other Marines were rolling down the road to the supply Hummer that had been ambushed. Romero left his "Golf" behind, because it was too heavy. Romero felt he needed to be "foot mobile" when his squad caught up to the crippled Humvee.

"I was praying to God that my other machinegun team could catch up with us and give us the fire support we needed," said Romero, but he later learned the gun malfunctioned and was useless in defense of 3rd Squad's track, which also ran into heavy enemy fire.

"It felt like there were more than 900 insurgents trying to kill us," said Staff Sergeant Ishmael Sagredo, the platoon sergeant, who along with Romero was looking down the left side of the track and covering their "Six," the rear of the track. "There was probably no more than two or three hundred, because if there had been anymore than that they could have overtaken us," said Sagredo.

Turning and Burning

The streets in Fallujah were so narrow; the young driver couldn't turn around when he regained consciousness, so PFC Puckett did the only thing he could do, push west to Phase Line Yellow, which was 800 meters west of friendly lines.





1Lt. Christopher Ayres, 2nd Platoon commander, Company B, 1st Battalion, 5th Marines, posed for a picture at Camp Fallujah before assaulting the city in April 2004. (right) Leathernecks are tougher than their tracks: Lieutenant Ayres survived his serious injuries, is up and around and expects to be able to continue to serve in the U.S. Marines. Hooah, Lieutenant!

Puckett was finally able to hang a couple of lefts and turn his 38-ton track back toward friendly lines, but by then, it was burning furiously, and the guys in the back were out of fire extinguisher fluid and having trouble breathing because of heavy, black smoke that was filling the troop compartment.

Sometime between Ayres getting hit and the track coming to a halt dead in the street, Cpl Kolm was hit in the chest by a rocket propelled grenade, and killed instantly. Lcpl McCarver, sitting directly behind the gun turret, was blown into the belly of the track by the explosion. McCarver saw the RPG coming, but he was powerless. "It wasn't like I could shoot it down," said the veteran of Operation Iraqi Freedom who could only brace for the impact.

When he regained consciousness, McCarver could feel the left side of his face burning. The blast also deafened him. He couldn't hear out of his left ear for a couple of days.

From where McCarver was lying on the floor of the troop compartment, he could look into the turret above him. What he saw was sickening. Wiping some of the gunner's blood from his SAW, McCarver climbed back onto the bench in the open troop compartment in the rear half of the track and fired four 200 round drums of 5.56mm ammo into alleys full of enemy fighters.

With the big guns on the AAV silenced, the Marines in the troop compartment felt like ducks in a shooting gallery, but they didn't give up. McCarver remembers walking his rounds into a mass of humanity, watching some insurgents go down in "slo-mo," while others spun around like a merry go round.

"I couldn't miss," said McCarver who squeezed the trigger when he approached an intersection, and kept the hammer down until the track passed the kill zone. McCarver has no idea how many insurgents he mowed down as he swept the intersections. He was too busy to count bodies.

Coughing and sputtering, the battle-scarred track finally gave up the ghost about 150 meters from a house that offered two necessary ingredients for survival, "Cover and Concealment."

For the next six hours, "The Deadly Deuces" fought like "Demons" against overwhelming odds, and lived to tell their story. That side of the story next month.

A long-time and frequent contributor to SOF, Dale B. Cooper rode with the 5th Marines in their sweep to Baghdad during Operation Iraqi Freedom.



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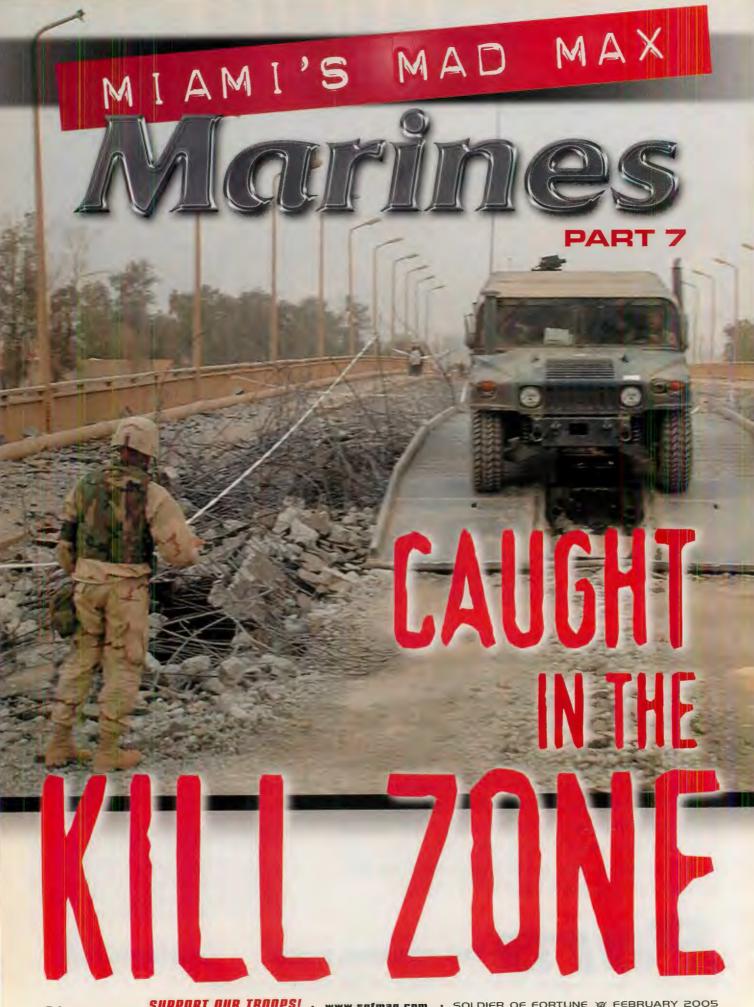
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"He was driving with one hand, firing with one hand, and treating his wounded sergeant with..."

Last month, nearing Baghdad, the Miami Marines were ambushed by Arab Jihadists from Syria. Trained terrorists, they laid a well-planned ambush. The Miami Marines killed them by the score, but there were an awful lot of them.

orres' driver, Corporal Erick Jimenez, of Miami, Florida, maneuvered the lead HUMMV so as to tuck into the assisting tank for cover. By getting close to the heavy tank he was protected from fire coming from the left. He parked adjacent to the right rear of the tank.

Sergeant Moreno saw groups of armed men wearing typical Iraqi civilian clothing and checkered headdresses. They were running toward the houses at a 135-degree angle from his direction of travel. He was unable to rotate his turret around to the left to fire in time.

Additionally the tanks somewhat blocked his angle of engagement. He observed over the tank's rear hull to the field beyond. Paralleling the highway by 25 meters was a sand-bagged drainage canal, about nine meters wide. Beyond the canal there was a three-foothigh berm about 70 meters from the highway.

Beyond the berm were scattered mud-brick houses. The retreating Jihadists were heading for the houses.

BY DONALD SCHUTT

PHOTOS BY SERGEANT MICHAEL A. LOZANO & THE MARINES OF TOW/SCOUT MIAMI

The gunner on the wounded tank was having a hard time firing on the Jihadists. He had a broken hydraulic system. He had to hand-crank the turret to engage targets. The enemy was getting away.

Two of the men Moreno saw had their weapons slung, while the others had their weapons at port arms. Sergeant Moreno thought to himself, "These two must have been the RPG gunners that had shot the tank." He grabbed his

M16 rifle and started firing on the enemy, missing.

Another group of five was also escaping about 50 meters farther up the road from the two tanks.

Tiger Scouts, who were leading the column a few hundred meters farther up the road, were under heavy fire from all directions. First Lieutenant McPhillips had just taken command of Scouts that morning. He had replaced Lieutenant Zummo, who had been taken out of action the day before by RPG shrapnel. McPhillips barely had time to deploy his forward section before he was hit in the back of the head by a sniper's bullet. The powerful round went right through the protective Kevlar of his helmet.

First Lieutenant McPhillips fell into his vehicle right on top of the back of his driver, Corporal Vaughn, a regular Marine, from Florida. Corporal Vaughn instinctively threw the weight off his shoulder without looking. When he looked back a second later he saw

his Platoon Commander lying dead behind him.

Combat Engineers made this bridge (above) passable by laying metal bridging assets over the existing bridge structure A very rare sight in war, a destroyed M1A1 tank (right). During Desert Storm only nine M1A1 tanks were temporarily put out of action by mines. These were easily repaired and back in service shortly. Not a single M1A1 tank had actually been destroyed. In the fight with the Islamic Jihad on the outskirts of Baghdad this USMC M1A1 tank was destroyed by numerous RPG's which caused a fuel leak and resulting fire.



Corporal Derric Keller saw his Lieutenant fall. He had his driver pull alongside McPhillip's still-moving HUMMV. He climbed up on top of his moving vehicle and jumped across to assist his fallen comrade. Neither vehicle stopped. The two vehicles continued moving rapidly down the highway. He examined his leader. He could see that First Lieutenant McPhillips was dead. Keller grabbed the Lieutenant's .50-cal. and began taking revenge on the Jihadists.

Heavy Resistance

Corporal Gustavo Vallejo, of Lauderhill, FL, was in the gun position of the number four HUMMV in Bronze Section. "Everybody is calling contact left, contact right, RPGs, RPGs from here, there's two guys in a building firing from the roof. It was the first time that we had encountered so much heavy resistance."

Corporal Vallejo observed three muzzle flashes coming from a bunker. He aimed in and fired several rounds. Two of the men in the bunker continued to fire. He requested permission to fire a TOW missile, from Sergeant Pavon, his squad leader, in the number three HUMMV. Vallejo leaned forward and began to aim in on the bunker through his TOW sight.

An incoming round passed so close to his face that he felt the heat of its passing on his cheek. The bullet ricocheted off the TOW sight, an inch or so from his head, and split into three fragments that cut into his arm and shoulder.

Corporal Vallejo immediately grabbed his M16 in order to fire in the direction from which he believed the bullet had come. The incoming fire continued to snap by him as he attempted to engage the enemy with his rifle.

He was using the TOW launcher on top of his vehicle as cover. As he squeezed the trigger all he heard was a click. He was out of ammo. He had started the day with four magazines and now he was out. He called for more magazines from Lance Corporal Ricardo Cano who was firing out the window of the vehicle.

Cano responded, "I think we're out of them!"

Vallejo yelled back, "I think there is more — there's at least one more in there!"



Saddam had at one time fielded a modern integrated-air-defense arrangement in which this SA-2 missile (above) was but a small part. Anti-aircraft missiles were rendered useless when anti-radar missiles fired by coalition aircraft destroyed their associated radars. Saddam in turn organized his forces on many levels to counter the Coalition advantages in technology. The TOW missiles being loaded up by Marines (right) can destroy any tank in the world at ranges of up to 2.3 miles. By attacking from short ranges, often from heavily populated areas, Saddam's forces were able to effectively render weapons such as the TOW missile useless.

Cano thoughd for a second and replies, "I think there's one that fell behind the seat!"

Corporal Vallejo dropped down in the vehicle to search for the magazine.

Lance Corporal Cano then saw the blood dripping out of Vallejo's arm from the bullet fragments. He and the driver, Lance Corporal Carlo Arnedo, both jumped on Vallejo and ripped off his chemical protective suit in order to see how serious the wound was.

As Vallejo lay on the deck of the HUMMV with his two comrades checking his wounds another bullet impacted the left windshield support of the HUMMV, passed an inch above the three Marines, and came to rest in the right rear roof support.

The number three vehicle in Bronze Section was manned by Sergeant Pavon, in the turret with an M16 rifle, and Corporal Ivan Camilo, driving. Sergeant Pavon busily engaged targets in concert with Sergeant Dale who manned a SAW in the vehicle behind. Pavon would engage a target in order to point it out to Dale, who promptly hosed it down with his SAW. In the running gun battles they had been in they had learned to work together in order to make the best use of their woefully inadequate firepower.

Sergeant Pavon was taking heavy fire. "It was thick. I mean it was just non-stop machine-gun fire. I see Moreno on top of the Staff Sergeant's vehicle just sending rounds down range with his .50-cal. Everybody's shooting.

Shot In The Head

"I'm like 'Goddamn it's getting bad!' Then I aim at ten O'clock and that's where I get shot. There was some guy running there and I was trying to shoot him, but I ran out of rounds. When I turned to my right to reload, I dropped a mag. I don't remember if I got to put a new mag back in. Bang! It felt like someone hit me in the back, in the back of the head. I was gone. I was down in the vehicle."

The bullet hit Sergeant Pavon just below his left eye. It exited his head just below his right temple. He was hit bad, and losing blood. His driver, Corporal Ivan Camilo, saw his comrade drop into the cab from the turret. He was alone in the vehicle with his wounded friend. He had to continue driving, shooting, and attending to Sergeant Pavon's wounds simultaneously. He got on the radio and transmitted that Sergeant Pavon was hit in the head.

Staff Sergeant Torres looked up at Sergeant Moreno, who was still firing, "Pavon is hit, he got hit in the head!"

Sergeant Moreno: "At that time I just thought to myself





Sergeant Kent Padmore is an immigrant from the island nation of Trinidad and Tobago. He felt obligated to repay his adopted country with his military service. When he was hit by shrapnel in the nose he used his civilian skills as a Paramedic for the city of Miami to stitch up his own wounds.

that he is dead. I wrote him off as dead. I said to myself that I have to continue with my mission. Our mission is to bypass the enemy and I had to just shoot everybody." He continued to engage the enemy with his .50-caliber machine gun.

Corporal Camilo held on to Sergeant Pavon trying to keep his comrade going. He held his hand and repeated: "Stay with me, stay with me."

Corporal Cesar Ruiz was firing his M16 out of the right rear passenger window of the number two HUMMV commanded by Corporal Goeller. He heard the radio call that Pavon was down. Ruiz knew that there were only two Marines in Pavon's HUMMV. He quickly realized that driver of Pavon's vehicle would be overwhelmed with driving and helping his comrade. He decided to help.

Under Heavy Fire

He exited the vehicle while heavy fire was raking the column. He ran toward Pavon's vehicle with bullets whizzing through the air about him. He climbed into the HUMMV and started to aid Pavon's driver, Corporal Camilo, in caring for the wounded Sergeant. Ruiz applied pressure to the wound to minimize the bleeding.

Ruiz was not applying enough pressure on the wound. Sergeant Pavon, barely able to speak, yelled as loud as he could, it came out as a barely audible whisper: "Pressure ... pressure."

Ruiz increased the pressure and the bleeding slowed. In all probability Pavon would have perished soon after if not for his comrade who had braved the intense fire to reach his vehicle.

Sergeant Dale, in the number five HUMMV directly behind Pavon, heard Torres's radio call. He continued to pour fire from his SAW to the left and to the right to support his comrades. Dale wondered why the column had stopped. "The only thing that upset me, that really upset me in that whole firefight was we just stopped. We were being engaged from both sides and the column just stopped. The tanks in front of us stopped. And our vehicle stopped.

"I remember specifically getting on the radio and saying, 'Hey! We need to get moving! We can't just sit here!' We're light-skinned vehicles. We were getting eaten up. We just

continued to sit there."

Corporal Goeller, in the number two vehicle, was also wondering why the column had decided to stop. The Marine corporal had always been taught that if you are in an ambush you have to push through the ambush. In this ambush the column was stopped and this fact was angering him off. He yelled into the radio: "We got to move! We got to move!"

The tanks initially were distracted when Corporal Gooden's tank got hit. Gooden's tank commander was initially stunned. The other tanks did not know the condition of the tank or its crew. So they halted to assist their comrades in the middle of the ambush. The other tanks became preoccupied with killing the ambushers amongst the thick oil smoke. They continued halting followed by slow movement forward firing their guns.

Gooden's tank, and the one assisting his, remained stationary. With all the smoke and confusion this queued up the column behind them. The tanks were relatively safe, but the HUMMV's behind them were not.

Besides being equipped with HUMMVs, which have "bullet-proof" armor that isn't, the Bronze Section Marines were woefully under armed. Many of them had started the day with only 112 rounds of ammo. The only two heavy firepower weapons between the 18 Marines in seven HUMMV's were a .50-cal. (Sergeant Moreno) and a 5.56mm Squad Automatic Weapon (Sergeant Dale). The lack of weapons, however, did not stop them. They were U.S. Marines.

Firing Left, Firing Right

Sergeant Dale: "We just continued to fight. I started firing back and forth on both sides of the road. Our guys were calling contact on the radio. I, having the only other machine gun in our Section, I would just swing back and forth to whatever side I saw something at or whatever side they called that we were taking fire at. They might just call out a 'berm to the left!' I might not even see anything out there, but it's cover fire. You pull the trigger and put some rounds out there hoping that it keeps their heads down."

As Sergeant Dale was aiming in with his weapon at yet another target he was hit in the left arm, just above the elbow. The bullet smashed apart his bone and exited near his shoulder. With the bones shattered, his left arm hung uselessly at

Sergeant Dale: "It felt like someone hit me in the shoulder with a baseball bat. At first I thought that I was hit in the shoulder".

As Sergeant Dale fell Lance Corporal Alexander Desousa, of Miramar, FL, climbed back in the gun turret to replace his fallen comrade. He began engaging the Jihadists with the SAW. Dale grabbed the radio and transmitted that although he was hit he was doing okay. He encouraged his two comrades in the vehicle to continue to concentrate on the task at hand, that he was doing fine. Dale then passed out.

Staff Sergeant Torres heard on the radio that another of

Continued on page 74

COMBAT WEAPONCRAFT

FARNAM'S GUNSLINGER DIARY
BY JOHN FARNAM

War and Pistols



I have received much comment with regard to our recent training of Marines to handle and use pistols correctly. One that stands out is:

"Get serious. Pistols don't win wars. Pistol training for soldiers and Marines is largely a waste of time."

I agree! On the grand, strategic scale, pistols probably don't contribute much one way or another. Pistols are instrumental only in saving individual lives, and are thus considered unimportant by those who have never had to risk theirs.

I'm old fashioned enough to still believe that the greatest moral responsibility of any military commander is to the safety and welfare of his men.

Some may consider their lives "unimportant," but they are extremely important to their families. Everything we can reasonably do to insure they come home from the war in one piece, we should be doing, in spades.

At the top of that list is competent pistol training!

Lessons To Learn:

If you haven't already, here are several crucial "things to learn" in these times. I give this frank advice to all my students:

- Learn the AR-15 system. The AR-15 may not be the perfect rifle, but it will be around for the remainder of our lifetimes, and you'll probably have to use one sooner or later. Issues are airborne grit, lack of maintenance, overcharged magazines, and broken extractor springs, among others. AR-15s are found everywhere the USA has had influence.
- Learn the Kalashnikov system. You'll find the Kalashnikov everywhere else! Made in China, Russia, Eastern Europe, South Africa (R4), or Israel (Galil), they all work the same way. It's a good system, but it needs competent maintenance.
- Learn about Glocks and SIGs. They're everywhere and will be for the foreseeable future.
- Learn how to get a blade in your hand fast. Blades are useful for all sorts of things, but, in an emergency, you need

one deployed and ready to go to work, fast.

- Learn how to eat MREs. You well may have to subsist on them. C-rations are out. MREs are in. There is a learning curve. Heating element is now water-activated. Everything is now in plastic packets. Hardtack (John Wayne crackers) are still in!
- Learn how to apply the Israeli Battle Dressing to wounds, even your own. This is the battle dressing everyone is using now, and it is superior, by far, to all its predecessors. It is literally a life-saver, and you'll probably have to use one, maybe sooner than you think.
- Learn how to effectively treat, in the field, a tension pneumothorax. A tension pneumothorax is commonly associated with penetrating chest wounds. The condition is often lethal within minutes, but it can be stabilized, and the wounded person can survive his trip to the OR.
- Learn how to use a multi-tool (Leatherman, Gerber, SOG, Buck, etc.). It will do lots of jobs. You need one and you need to know its many capabilities.

From The Front:

"There are six rules here (Baghdad). You won't read them in any manual, but I personally indoctrinate every newly arriving trooper thus:

- 1. Never establish a pattern. Continuously frustrate the enemy's expectations.
- 2. Never be unarmed. When necessary, carry concealed, but always have a gun and a blade on you.
 - 3. Never give up. Never give in.
- 4. Nice guys are a dime a dozen. Daring, decisive, and caring leaders are priceless.
 - 5. Know the locals. Know your beat.
 - 6. Know when to act contrary to orders.

THE BEST MEDAL IS A SMILE ON THE FACE OF A LIVE COMRADE."

It can't be said too often: Leaders who genuinely care about their men, are followed anywhere, without question

Don't ever delude yourself into thinking you're too insignificant to be a target.

and without hesitation. And, they make history! Soldiers not cared about, and supervised by the fearful and detached, invariably function like a disorganized hoard of tourists.

More comments from the Philippines:

"Some time ago, Communist hitsquads were plying the city with specific orders to take out men in uniform and steal their carry pistols in order to arm other insurgents. Despite this threat, many cops limited their security measures to merely dressing in civilian clothes after their shift ended. Many were shot to death at the gates of their own homes, simply because they did not foresee where they were most predictable and lax."

Lesson: Don't ever delude yourself into thinking you're too insignificant to be a target. In today's world, even children are targets!

Author of The Farnam Method of Defensive Handgunning and one of the country's preeminent independent firearms instructors, Farnam may be reached at JSFarnam@aol.com.

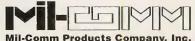
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HOSTAGE

Kidnapped Canadian War Reporter Scott Taylor Held For Five Days

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY SCOTT TAYLOR

7:16 p.m., 7 September, Tal Afar Iraq. It was nearly dusk when we arrived at the city outskirts of Tal Afar. On the main highway to Mosul, about a dozen Iraqi policemen at a checkpoint were supervising the exodus of frightened civilian refugees. For the past week there had been media reports of escalating violence between resistance fighters and U.S. troops in Tal Afar, and already many of the residents had fled the embattled city. From American sources at the Mosul Airfield, I had learned earlier that day that a major U.S. offensive was about to begin.

It was my intention to enter the city before it was shut down, and then send reports about the civilian casualties and possible humanitarian crisis that would result from a major battle.

The sight of U.S.-paid Iraqi police forces monitoring traffic had seemed like a good sign that things were still under control, despite the recent fighting. I approached a police checkpoint to ask for assistance. A senior officer was summoned and he instructed me and a Turkish journalist filing her own news reports, to climb into a nearby car containing four masked gunman.

I had incorrectly presumed that these men were some sort of special police force, so I had no immediate cause for concern. However, as soon as we entered Tal Afar, I saw that the streets were full of similarly masked fighters armed with Kalashnikov rifles and RPG rocket launchers. I suddenly realized we were in the hands of the resistance.

We were ushered into a small courtyard outside a walled two-story building and as soon as the metal door clanged shut behind us, the leader said, "You are spies... and now you are prisoners." All of our cameras, equipment and identification were taken from us and we were told to sit on a mat with our backs to the wall. "The Americans will attack soon and I have

to see to my men," said our captor. "I will deal with you when I return."

Shortly after nightfall, more gunmen came quickly through the door. Before I could even react, I was pulled to my feet and pressed against the wall with my hands on top of my head. I heard the distinct sound of a Kalashnikov chambering a round about a metre behind me. In fear and shock at the realization that they were about to execute me, the journalist screamed at them in Turkish: "Don't shoot him... he has a son!"



The debris of war still litters the landscape in northern Iraq. Most of Saddam's army simply abandoned their equipment and fled without resistance, with its equipment, such as this former-Soviet armor, being de-milled or cannibalized.

Iraqi police — comprising mostly former Kurdish Peshmerga in norther Iraq. As discovered by the author firsthand, these Americanfinanced police forces are sympathetic to the resistance — and if unsupervised by Americans, they are in open collaboration.

Saved, For Now

The outburst was enough to distract them momentarily and the brief discussion was still taking place when our original captor returned. Harsh words were exchanged between the two groups of gunmen: It seemed that a prisoner's fate was the proprietorship of those who made the capture. The interloping executioners left.

It was at this point that she was blindfolded and taken away for questioning

About two hours later, it was my turn to be roughly manhandled into what felt to be an SUV or Land Rover. At the second house, I was rushed through several doorways and up several stairs. With my hands tied behind my back and unable to see, I stumbled and fell several times, only to be pulled forcibly back to my feet and once again shoved forward. "Hurry, hurry, you bastard Jew," whispered one of my guards as he slammed my head into a doorframe.

My blindfold was removed and they shined a bright flashlight directly in my eyes. "Which intelligence agency are you working for?" began the questioning. For about one hour I did my best to answer all their allegations and explain to them my intentions for going to Tal Afar was as a journalist.

The one who had identified himself as "Emir" (leader) finally said "Sleep now and I will check your story. If you are telling the truth, we will release you – if not, you die," he said.

It was about 0600 the following morning when I was kicked awake, rolled onto my stomach, blindfolded and bound. This time they transported the Turkish journalist and I at the same time. Although the vehicle roared through the deserted streets at top speed, you could hear the engines of U.S. unmanned aircraft flying overhead, watching every move made by the resistance. I felt incredibly vulnerable during that short drive. At the third house, our blindfolds were removed and we were fed a generous breakfast of fried eggs and flatbread. There were three guards at this facility, which appeared to be a small house or workshop. Two were middleaged men while the other was just a 15-year-old boy.

In the first hours, they were very strict in enforcing the rules. However, by nightfall everyone was so relaxed that the Turkish journalist and I sat eating dinner and talking to our guards. The young boy stated that his only ambition in life was to "die a martyr." Shortly past dark, the Emir returned and informed us that he had confirmed that we were not spies. He gave a "Muslim promise" to set us free in the morning. On this night she and I would remain his "guests." We were also about to become front-row spectators to an intense battle between the resistance and the U.S. forces.

Watching the War from the Front Row

Just past midnight, the American Apache helicopters attacked. Their arrival over Tal Afar was greeted by a heavy barrage of RPG and cannon fire. We could hear the distinctive "crack," "whump" sounds of the Iraqi rocket grenades being launched and then deafening bursts of fire from the Apaches.



From inside the workshop's courtyard, we could not see the battle's progress, but from the sounds of the gunfire we could plot its course. On several occasions, the mujahedeen fighters all across the city would scream out "Allah akbar! Allah akbar!" (God is great!) I had first thought that these cries were in response to them downing a helicopter, but our young guard explained that they were cheering the deaths of their own, newly created martyrs.

In the morning, the Apaches were gone and the resistance was licking its wounds. It was reported that 50 mujahedeen had been killed and another 120 wounded. The worst news of all was that the Emir – the one with a proprietary interest in our living — had been killed.

Around mid-morning, a group of gunmen arrived at the workshop to take us away. The journalist pleaded with them in Turkish that we were to go free, but it was to no avail. "We received no such instruction," said the man who now appeared to be in charge. "You are spies."

This time they were extremely rough in applying my blindfold. It was tied so tight I could sense losing blood circulation in my brain. They pushed and prodded me blindly towards a car and then deliberately bashed my head against the doorframe. "Jewish pig!" spat one of the guards.

At the fourth house, which smelled like some sort of farm complex, I was once again rushed through doorways and then down into a cellar. In addition to the blindfold they placed a hood over my head and I felt I was suffocating in the heat and dust. I could feel the fear well up inside me as one of the gunmen forced me onto a mat and placed the barrel of a Kalashnikov against my neck. "Don't speak... Don't move."

Throughout the rest of the morning, there was plenty of activity in the resistance bunker. About 30 or so fighters were busy transferring stockpiles of RPGs and explosives.

A heated debate among the fighters soon erupted outside in the corridor. Listening to their conversation, the Turkish journalist suddenly gasped: "Oh my god — they're going to shoot us!" I fought to suppress the panic that I felt. It was then the other prisoner in the room — an Iraqi UNICEF driver spoke for the first time. In good English he said, "Are you sure?"

The door burst open and several men stepped inside. "Stand up," one of them said to me. "You are the first to die, American pig." My hands were still tied and I felt helpless as one of them approached me with another blindfold.

... I Have Saved You ... For Now

Once again, I could feel the claustrophobia and fear begin-



Although American and other Coalition forces may occupy Iraq and control it overall, organized resistance is widespread. While forces have established a presence and exert an influence, widespread insurgent activity belies Coalition "control" of wide areas in Iraq.

ning to panic me, and I struggled to maintain some composure. The cries of fear and alarm from the Turkish journalist had generated a heated discussion between her and the fighters. Several times I was struck during this conversation and I still believed I was about to die. Finally one of the mujahedeen came close to me and whispered, "I have a brother in Canada... I have just saved you my friend — at least for now."

Instead of being shot, they had decided to take us with them. They had learned that the Americans were about to bomb their complex so they were going to leave Tal Afar until the air strikes were over.

Once again I was roughly manhandled through the passageways and pushed into the backseat of a car. I was shaking uncontrollably as I realized that I was not going to die – at least not that moment.

We had left the bunker in a six-car convoy and made our way northward into the open desert. It had taken some time before the mujahedeen in our car had relented and allowed us to remove our hoods and blindfolds. Our hands were still tied, but as we began chatting, a short grey-haired man with a close-cropped beard informed me that his name was Mubashir and he was the brother of the now-deceased Emir. "I'm sorry about his death," I said to which he replied, "Why be sorry? We celebrate his entry into Heaven."

We proceeded on through the desert towards the northern outskirts of Mosul. Along the way we stopped at several farmhouses where the residents eagerly offered the fighters food and water. When we actually entered the Mosul checkpoint, the Iraqi police appeared to take no notice of the dusty column of cars packed with bearded men armed with Kalashnikov's and RPG's. A gauntlet of young boys lined the route to cheer our convoy and offer water and cigarettes. Instead of entering the city however, we headed further north to a deserted house that was still under construction.

Time To Escape?

There was some confusion among the fighters at this point. They were eager to return to Tal Afar — not sit out the battle in a safe house. All but one of their cars soon departed, leaving only two armed guards with us. The possibility of escape certainly crossed my mind. It was the hottest part of the day and the sentries were exhausted. Although it was

open ground, the Mosul highway was clearly visible, about 2 kilometres away. With all the passing traffic it would be possible to flag down a ride — if I could only survive the run.

Before I could give much thought to such a plan, another car pulled up at our hideout. Four new mujahedeen strode into our building and immediately began berating the two guards for being lenient with us. The leader of this group was a short, stocky, little man who wasted no time in making his thoughts known. "The Turkish girl will live... you two will die" he said pointing at me and the UNICEF driver. "I will cut off your heads at dusk and you will be buried there," pointing to a freshly dug grave-sized ditch about 20 metres from the house.

The Turkish journalist was removed to another room and we were told to prepare ourselves to die. Although forbidden to talk, whenever the guard was distracted, the driver and I took the opportunity to encourage each other and try to provide support. "At least we will not die alone" he said.

"How long do you think the pain will last?" he asked. It was something which I had been giving careful consideration and I replied, "About three seconds." As the sun started to set on the horizon, Mubashir drove up and entered into a heated argument with the newcomer. Reassured at the sound of his voice, I had risked a glance out of the window — just in time to see the ceremonial dagger being returned to the trunk of the car. We had been spared once again.

We spent Friday morning at a farm awaiting word that we



U.S. troops provide security at a police-recruiting center. The resistance frequently targets such facilities — and many of the U.S.-paid police force reportedly pay "protection money" to the insurgents.

"Picture Two People, Locked In Mortal Combat, One Strangling The Other. Now, Imagine Yourself In This Scene And Tell Me... What Would You Do?"

(Hint: Whatever Your Answer, The Odds Are... It's Wrong!"

ick him in the groin." "Strike the arms or punch the solar plexus." "Grab the hands." "Stomp on his instep"

The list is always the same.

Unfortunately... each answer puts your life at risk in the face of a life-or-death assault.

Why? Because invariably when Tim Larkin asks students this question at his *Target-Focus*™ *Training* (TFT) bootcamps...

No One — Not Even Trained Martial Artists — Sees <u>Themselves</u> As The One <u>Doing</u> The Choking!!

They're always the one being choked.

But think about it... couldn't this have been the scenario?

You are surprised by two attackers. You've completely disabled the first and now have control of the second and are about to put him totally out of commission...

Possible? Of course. It's just that no one sees it this way. It's human nature. We shy from victory, from domination. It's the way most of us are built... unless you're a criminal...

Here's the problem: A thug comes up, places a knife to your throat and demands your wallet. Taking him at his word you give him the wallet. He then proceeds to stab you repeatedly leaving you in a pool of your own blood, astonished you've been stabbed.

What went wrong? Just this. You ASSUMED he only wanted the wallet. After all, why would anyone stab someone over a few measly bucks? <u>YOU</u> certainly wouldn't do that if you were robbing someone.

And that IS the problem. With thinking like that ...

You've Just <u>Transferred Your Own</u> <u>Moral Code</u> To A Sociopathic Killer... And With It, Quite Possibly, Your Life.

See, nothing bothers him. Certainly not your morals. With a total disregard for society and it's rules, he has no regret whatsoever in cramming a blade into your gut... to get what he wants.

You stroll around thinking 15 years of martial arts training or that 6-week self-defense course or some reality fighting video gives you the edge you need against someone like this. Wake up!

You are hopelessly training techniques (then praying they work) against someone who isn't "training" for you. How many criminals in federal pens spent years sweating through JKD workouts before committing their crime? How many are Jujitsu experts?

Not a one! They excel at just one thing: doin' it. No training, no practice, no techniques. And certainly no 'rules'. So why squander years fooling yourself with something that only works "if everyone plays by the rules"?

These are the facts: 98% of us caught in an unavoidable violent attack (even those with years of training), would never consider doing "whatever it takes" to survive — like gouging our attacker's eyes — even if they were the only targets available, and... even if it was the only means of saving our own life!

Larkin trains you from the get-go how to kill, if necessary, to survive a life-or-death confrontation.

He doesn't advocate violence. TFT just demystifies it. He's often quoted...

"Violence Is Rarely The Answer. But When It Is... It's The Only Answer."

Look... others in Soldier of Fortune try to impress



Tim Larkin, creator of Target-Focus Training

you with how bad they are; their accomplishments in the "secret world" you aren't privy to; their guru status.

TFT isn't about that. It's not about an individual, a personality... or a guru.

It's about a system... one that's focused totally on you!

No bones about it: Larkin's record is impressive. He trains units from all the top echelons of federal law enforcement and military special operations groups. It's

not surprising since he comes from that world and is well known there. But everyone in Soldier of Fortune tries to claim this so you'll rarely hear him talk about it.

He's an awesome communicator and trainer, and is amazingly approachable for someone with his abilities and credentials. And he's trained 1,000's of CEOs and others in high-risk positions around the world — all very real people.

But why is this so important? Why is TFT being sought out in all these other arenas?

<u>Because it works!</u> Because you "get it" immediately. Not after weeks or months or even years of training... but <u>right now</u>... as soon as you experience it. And...

Not Only Is It Usable... Instantly... But Just Like Riding A Bicyle It Stays With You Forever... Even If You Never Practice It Again!

Here's why: the key lies in the fact this is the only system based totally on the PRINCIPLES (not techniques) that determine the outcome of any physical confrontation. Combine these with three supporting methodologies that form the foundation of every fighting system on the planet and you have a complete system usable by ANYone for handling ANY violent confrontation. With this information you can look at anything out there... including your own training... and know immediately if it's worth keeping.

"It was the most effective days of training in hand-to-hand and hand-to-weapon that I or everyone else had ever experienced." Brian (last name withheld), US Border Patrol, S Carolina

Last year Larkin trained over 600 CEO's in Europe. This year he'll spend 57 consecutive days training others in England, the Far East and Asia, and India. These folks are eating his stuff up because TFT principles and methodology are as effective in the 'combative' world of business as they are in a truly lethal fight, and for the exact same reason... RESULTS.

Think about this: If these people can get this much from his material, imagine how much more you can learn... a dedicated reader of Soldier of Fortune magazine who is really into finding and applying a system that is quickly learned and deadly effective. If all these folks are seeking him out, shouldn't you be too?

Look, Larkin is swamped and realizes he can't begin to reach everyone. While he'd love to have you as a member of his organization and to take part in his live training, he realistically understands few will be able to do this. Bootcamps run \$1,500.00, international events start at \$9,500.00, and personal training for small 2- to 4-person sessions is \$10,000.00 and more.

That's why, in a daring move with potentially serious ramifications, he's released a new WEAPONS-focused

version of his TFT system that shows you how to defeat a violent criminal in a WORSE-than-worst-case scenario. After seeing his program... a life-or-death confrontation in a dark alley is a piece of cake.

Not only does this new series take you inside the criminal mind, it goes way beyond... showing you how and why you must first learn to USE a weapon... if you ever hope to defeat a criminal using it against you! Highly unconventional and extremely controversial it teaches you how to get your focus off the weapon... and onto defeating the REAL threat.

Some foolishly feel this stuff is too violent, totally ignorant of the fact you don't always have to push it to the levels shown on these tapes.

It's Very Easy To Ramp This Down To Fit A Lesser Situation But It's Impossible To Ramp Up And Kill Someone If You've Never Trained For It!

Some will be shocked, dismayed, offended and outraged that anyone would dare show this stuff. They'll raise a stink... and do everything possible to get this yanked. But better you see this on video than experience it first-hand on the street!

Everything you'll see here is vintage TFT. You learn to hurt someone very quickly (every sequence shows killing movements right from the start). There's no size, speed or quickness required. Anyone can learn this because it's based on principles not some guru's skills.

Guys that have been in the trenches for years are blown away by the simple brutality and effectiveness of this system and the competence of Larkin's instructors, including their knowledge of anatomy and how to inflict trauma on the human body.

Each averages 10 years of training and surprisingly most aren't 'jocks'. Many have advanced degrees; five hold PhD's! His advisory board includes two medical doctors who assure everything you see about inflicting trauma on the human body is totally accurate.

"With this system: 1) You will learn what Larkin says you will learn, and 2) The course is exactly as advertised—intense, targeted, focused training designed to produce immediate results." Mark D. Fabiani, Crisis Mgt Consultant, La Jolla, CA

Let's cut to the chase: this program is extremely controversial and NOT for everyone. If you'd never consider killing somone threatening your life or if you're hoping to see lots of useless predetermined techniques or cool setup moves — you can stop reading here. This is <u>only</u> for those who want to learn to defeat a criminal in a life-or-death situation.

Listen. I understand you may find this hard to believe. That's how I felt too until I saw the videos. Unfortunately there's not room here to adequately describe the shocking reality of what Larkin has created for you. That's why he's not asking for a penny of your money now. Instead he'll spend his own cash to put a 17-page Special Report into your hands that will prove everything you've just read and explain why this program is so DIFFERENT from anything you've seen before.

All you need to do to get his FREE report is pick up the phone and call 888-811-9347. There's a short message and then you can leave your name and address so the report can be mailed to you. It's voicemail so you can call 24-hours a day. 7 days a week and no one will hassel you.

Don't fool around and miss this opportunity. It doesn't cost you a thing. Call now or go on-line at www.targetfocusweapons.com.

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could enter Mosul and be granted an audience with the new Emir. Again, everything seemed to be relaxed, and although the notion of having someone pronounce a "live-or-die" sentence upon me was still very frightening, Mubashir assured us that his brother's promise would be kept. We got the word around 1400 that the Emir would see us. We climbed into one car - our hands were not tied and we wore no blindfolds - everything seemed to be going well. However, once inside Mosul, it became apparent that something had gone wrong with the plan.

We had stopped at several homes and picked up different guides at various locations. Eventually we were

taken to a large house in a northern suburb, and led into an empty room.

The Turkish journalist whispered that these new men were not Turkmen but Arabs, as she no longer understood their conversation. Mubashir made some sort of statement to them on our behalf and then bade us farewell. He and his men were heading back into Tal Afar to join the fight.

Within minutes of his departure, the Arabs burst into the room and roughly blindfolded me. As I tried to protest, I was kicked in the ribs, knocking the wind out of me. "Shut up American spy!" shouted my assailant.

For the next hour, I was interrogated. Although intense, I was relieved when the questioning had ended without any physical force being used. I was premature in my assumption.

More Interrogation, More Torture

I had barely removed the blindfold and taken a sip of water when five men rushed back into the room. I could see the batons and ropes, but I had no time to react before I was pulled to my feet. When I attempted to resist, my feet were knocked out from under me, and I was savagely kicked. They blindfolded me and gagged me with a headscarf. My hands were tied behind my back and I was rolled over with my feet up in the air – tied to a pole. Two men held the pole up when two others began beating my feet with straps and batons.

At first I could not see the blows coming. In his pent up fury, one of my attackers struck my face several times with his fist knocking my blindfold aside. I mentally promised myself not to give them the satisfaction of hearing me scream until after the 20th blow. I bit down hard on the cloth and focussed on counting rather than the pain. I kept my promise, but on the 21st strike I screamed out, "F - - k!" the cloth muffling the sound somewhat. With each successive blow I uttered the same expletive. They deliberately hit the same spot on my thigh repeatedly. For the first four or five blows the pain would increase incrementally and then the final strike would force an involuntary convulsion. I could feel the pain explode in my head and my body jack-knifed upwards reflexively.

I kept fearing that the next blow would be to my genitals. With my legs splayed apart and upended I felt incredibly vulnerable. When the beating finally stopped, I felt a tremendous sense of relief that they had not used the batons on my crotch.

After my feet were cut loose, I was roughly pulled upright and the interrogator handed me a pen and paper. "You will write down all the websites you think might help to confirm



Author, right, with "Jabar," who had been assigned as his "shadow" when he was in Iraq during the Hussein regime, and with whom he linked up again during his recent trip there.

that you are in fact a Canadian journalist," he said.

"If this checks out, you'll live... if you lied — you die."

For several hours after the beating, I was kept alone in that room. My legs were aching and would occasionally seize up on me. I tried to stand, but the guards insisted that I remain seated on a mat. When the interrogator finally re-entered my holding cell he said, "You failed the test on the internet. Prepare yourself to die – tonight." As the door banged shut behind him, I once again had an all-consuming sense of dread.

I did not know it at the time,

but the Turkish journalist and the UNICEF driver had been set free, while both of them were told that I had been beheaded.

Welcome to Islam...Slice!

It was at this time I decided to play my final card. The Turkish journalist had always told me that I should tell our captors I wished to convert to Islam — even if I wasn't sincere, she thought it might buy me time (if not freedom). "I want you to teach me an Islamic prayer before you kill me." I said, "A man about to die should have a god to pray to — shouldn't he?" Other guards and pupils had overheard this and they seemed excited at the prospect of converting a "Kaffir" and then executing him.

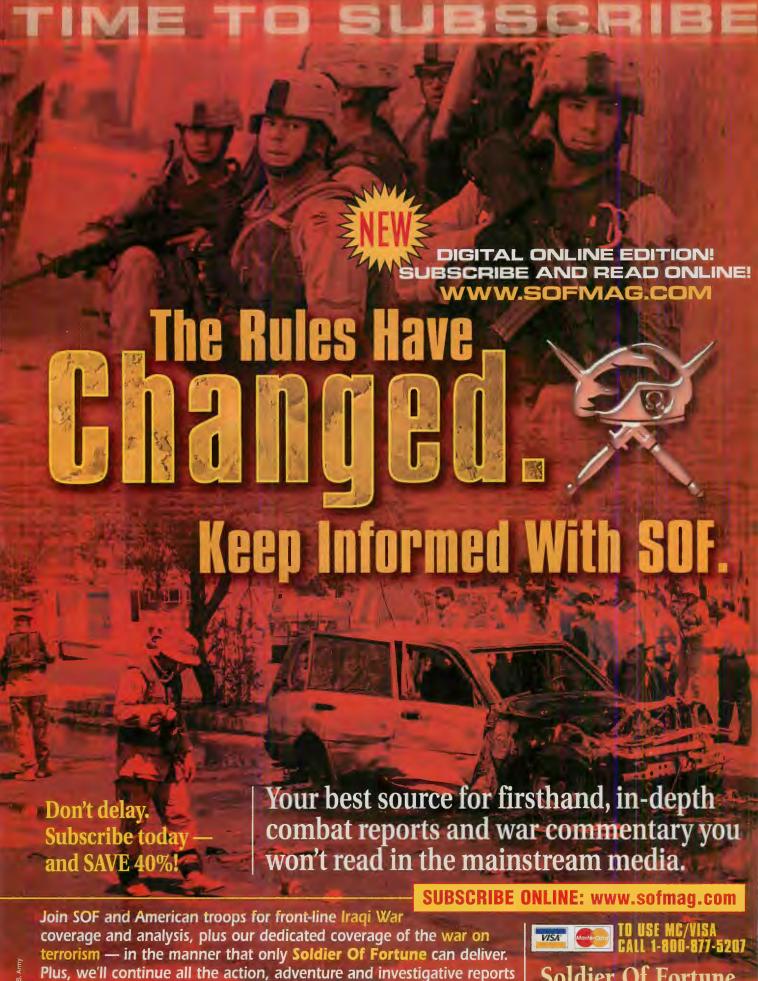
As they started to explain the conversion process and necessary prayers, one of the clerics returned to the house. I was advised that the procedure would have to be performed at a later date, as a car was waiting to take me to a safe house in preparation for my release. Once again, I dared to start believing that I might actually survive this ordeal.

My eyes had been taped shut with electrical tape and my sunglasses placed on top. I was then led gently to a car outside. The night air felt cool and refreshing and I tried to keep my euphoria in check — reminding myself that it was not over yet.

However, by the time we had driven several kilometres and my escorts led me inside a new house, I felt certain that I had been saved. The glasses were taken off and the tape removed. I found myself in a clean home sitting on a bed looking at three smiling Arabs. My guards from the other house were in the doorway and one of them waved his hand in a fluttering motion, smiled and said, "Free.... Bye, bye." The door shut behind them and all of a sudden the three Arabs stopped smiling. The big man standing in the centre of the room strode towards me pulling a pair of handcuffs from behind his back. The nightmare started all over.

The following morning it became clear that instead of taking me to a "safe" house en route to freedom, I had been transferred to yet another fundamentalist faction. At about 10 a.m. I was "prepped" for my new interrogation by having my feet and hands chained to the bed and my eyes once again taped firmly shut. Anticipating yet another beating, I fought to control my fear. One man simply stated in excellent English, "We know that you are a Mossad spy. You have 24 hours to decide whether to tell the truth and die with a clear

Continued on page 78



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TERRORISM

SITREP

BY DR. MARTIN BRASS

1. UNITED STATES WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION loaded ship could slip through coastal surveillance. System to track all maritime traffic on U.S./Canadian 247,000 miles of coast, a long time coming: 50% of imports are shipped through 361 ports, 5% of containers are examined. PROLIFERATION SECURITY INITIATIVE alliance of 11 countries including U.K., Germany, France, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, Poland, Portugal, Spain and U.S. trains to use commando, naval and air forces to track, seize ships used by terrorists. UNITED STATES SOCOM (Special Operations Command) authorized to spend \$25 million yearly without consulting Congress, to support warlords, mercs and foreign combat troops.

2. PHILIPPINES IT PAYS TO PLAY U.S. publicized payments of \$330,000 each to three informants for intel that led to death of senior Abu Sayyaf terrorist.

NETHERLANDS officials have uncovered 15 terrorist plots as punishment for sending 1,300 Dutch peacekeeping troops to Iraq. SWEDEN becomes outpost of Middle East in Scandinavia. SPAIN is shattered from terrorist attacks. Radical Islamic prisoners broadcast Muslim prayers at high volume and hang portraits of bin Laden. DENMARK allows the KURAN to be required reading in schools and lets Pakistani Muslim leader Qazi Hussain Ahmed praise Osama bin Laden and al Qaeda at Islamic Cultural Center. RUSSIA, reeling from massacre of students, is unable to overcome Chechen Islamic rebels. Frontpage Magazine

3. COLOMBIA FARC orders President Uribe assassinated. Hit-teams are organized against president, whose campaign against the FARC has succeeded.



4. HONDURAS HOMELAND SECURITY NIGHTMARE: Al Qaeda recruiting Central American gangs for regional attacks and infiltrating terrorists through porous U.S. borders. SAUDI TERRORIST sighted in Panama. AP

- 5. UNITED KINGDOM AL QAEDA "ON OUR DOORSTEP AND THREATENING OUR LIVES" Home Secretary warns. Police Commissioner reported thwarting a number of attacks. *Telegraph*
- 6. SPAIN TERRORIST PRISON POOL formed by inmates 13 North Africans arrested had been recruited in prison by terrorist North African immigrant cell. "Martyrs for Morocco" formed in prison and plotted to blow up national court in Madrid. CLOSED DOOR POLICY for dangerous frontier on Strait of Gibraltar and Canary islands: 14,000 immigrants snuck through on 663 vessels last year. Electronic barrier, helicopters, night-vision scopes and heat-seeking cameras now in place. NYT
- 7. SWEDEN SCANDINAVIA'S OUTPOST OF MIDDLE EAST: Malmo, Sweden's third largest city, out of control with gangs of Muslim immigrants. Ambulances are attacked and refuse to help without police escorts. Police need several patrol reinforcements to enter some parts of cities.
- 10. IRAQ U.S. PUNCHUP IN FALLUJA 2000 terrorist thugs killed. Captured documents show Iranian Ministry and Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps assist Islamic Terrorists. IRAQI INTELLIGENCE SERVICE Mukhabarat specialized in developing weapons and tactics for kind of war Saddam loyalists are fighting: Road-side bombs were developed to fit into concrete blocks, truck tires, and rubbish. Civilians are put into police uniforms and trained for a week or two before being sent to battle. Strategy World
- 11. IRAN ADMITS it gave eight UAVs to Hizbollah and hopes if they are successfully used against Israel, sales of UAVs to foreign governments will increase.
- 12. SUDAN DARFUR slipping into chaos. Arab gangs raid, rape and pillage non-Arab villages.



FIRE FIGHT AT BIAP!

History books are filled with stories of epic battles where hundreds, or thousands, are killed and wounded. History seldom records the small firefights that involve few people and in which the casualty counts are small. The media isn't interested in such fights, especially if there are no reporters around. Such was a brief, but sharp fight that took place on Easter Sunday at the sprawling American compound at the Baghdad International Airport, known to GIs as BIAP.

he action began just before noon when a rocket, fired by terrorists outside the American base, exploded in an irrigation ditch near Bravo Company, then part of the 234th Signal Battalion but originally from the Illinois National Guard. Captain Timothy Carey, the commander, was working in his office when the round detonated. It was close, rattling the windows.

Only one soldier, SPC Jennifer Ruback, was injured in the

View from the Soldier's Palace at BIAP to the one of the points where terrorists hide — smoke marks where in tree line terrorists had taken firing positions about three hundred meters away.



Centered among palms is twostory building that became for-ward position of lowa National Guard's 234th Signal Battalion during the attack.



Masonry building is taken under fire by QRF, where some terrorists with Sadr's



Smoke and dust pour from a low building used by Sadr's Militia during the Easter firefight.



Iowa National Guard Finds There Are No REMFs In Iraq!

attack. She had been sitting outside talking to SSG Sherard. He got up to go back inside and about 30 seconds

BY KEVIN D. RANDLE PHOTOS FROM AUTHOR'S FILES

as the windows caved in.

She then ran inside, bleeding from a cut on her arm. She noticed

later she heard the explosion. She glanced up and the sky was suddenly dark. Flying glass cut her, as the windows in the building near her were shattered by the overpressure.

a red mark on her arm that was bleeding. "It looked bad,"

"I sort of ducked my head and metal and glass hit me. I sort of scrunched up in a ball." She hadn't heard the whistle as the rocket had flown over, just the sudden detonation

It could have been worse. Force Protection standards dictated at the time by the Battalion Commander, LTC Rusty Lingenfelter, required that anyone outside had to wear the Interceptor Body Armor and Kevlar helmet. This saved her



from other, serious injuries.

About the same time, other soldiers with Bravo Company saw smoke from a fire started by the rocket impact. They ran out, pulling fire extinguishers from buildings as they went.

About 20 minutes later, soldiers eating at the Engineer Road DFAC, not all that far from the 234th Battalion area, heard gunfire in the distance. SPC Josh Hynous said that as they pulled into the parking lot, they could hear some shooting, but thought little of it. He, along with CPT Brian Meredith and SFC Kari Uhde, went in to eat. They hadn't had been inside long when some one ran in and said, "There's small arms outside."

Some of the other soldiers ran to the windows to look out, but Hynous, Meredith and Uhde remained in place. The firing seemed to get closer and Meredith decided it was time to go.

"...Get Your Shit On..."

"We ran to the vehicle," said Hynous. "People were running into the parking lot. After we left there were some pretty big booms."

LTC Lingenfelter was in the same DFAC with his driver, SPC Tungesvik. Lingenfelter said that the DFAC is close to the west wall, where there had been some sporadic small arms fire. "Some NCO, I think he was an NCO, he was wearing PT clothes, came in and told his soldiers to make sure they had their gear on. He left and then came back and told them to get their shit on and to take cover."

In the battalion area, SPC Steve Sourbier was standing on the back patio of the Soldier's Palace, the living quarters for the HHC soldiers of the battalion, when he heard firing that was close by. He thought he heard an M16 fire from right above him, and ran up to the roof to see what was happening. Carrying his weapon, he ran to the side of the building where the stairs lead to the roof.

From the top of the Palace, Sourbier could see it all. There were 50 to 75 people in an open field running toward the west wall. A tower, inside the wall, hidden in the trees, seemed to be under attack. The terrorists, some of whom were dressed in brightly colored clothes, were directing their attention at the wall and the few soldiers in the tower.

"They were in front of a tree line," Sourbier said, "firing at the guards." From his position on the roof, he could see

soldiers of Delta Company, 234th, on the roof of a building about a hundred yards in front of him. One of those had fired several bursts from a SAW at the terrorists in the field. "I didn't shoot at the terrorists," he said. "Those soldiers from Delta were in my line of fire."

As the soldiers in the DFAC began to scramble for the exits, Lingenfelter noticed several Air Force people sitting at a table. They seemed oblivious to the shooting outside and didn't move.

"We ran out the door and troops were going everywhere, trying to get into position to return fire," said Lingenfelter.

Lingenfelter believed that had any enemy soldiers managed to climb the wall, they would have found nearly a thousand armed Americans waiting



The wall just in front of the Delta Company, 234th Signal Battalion area, with the QRF in position just beyond it. Smoke rises from the tree line, about two hundred meters away where some of the Sadr Militia terrorist had taken up firing positions.

for them, praying for a target.

CPT Tim Zaiser and ISG Jeff Kilburg, from the 234th's Delta Company, pulled into the DFAC about that time. Kilburg said that people were running all over the parking lot, some of them climbing up on trucks and HMMWVs to get a better look at the west wall. Just as Zaiser and Kilburg arrived, one of those soldiers stumbled and fell from the top of a truck. Zaiser and Kilburg took the injured man to the medical clinic for treatment of a broken bone.

Fire At Will

About that same time there was a single loud burst of firing from a SAW carried by SPC Amy Bowen, of the 234th Signal's Delta Company. She was on a rooftop at the southwestern end of BIAP. About 25 yards in front of her was another 12-foot wall, but she was on a two-story building near the wall so that she could see over it. These were the Iraqis that Sourbier could see from his position on the Soldier's Palace.

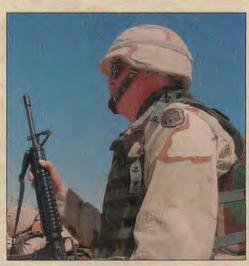
About 200 meters beyond that was still another tall wall, and right on the other side was a low building. Running

north from it was a tree line and 500 meters from that was another tree line running east to west. The terrorists, later identified as part of Sadr's Militia, had taken positions in front of the trees running toward the wall near the DFAC.

Bowen said that she had been in her building, near the wall, trying to get comfortable when she heard the mortars and rockets that landed nearby on BIAP. She knew they were close and ran downstairs to grab her SAW. She had about a hundred rounds with it.

"I started climbing the ladder to the roof but ended up on the garage instead," she said.

A narrow alleyway separated the living quarters and the garage and the ladder to the roof of living quarters was close enough to the garage that



Author, of the lowa National Guard's 234th Signal Battalion, scans the action from atop a building in the Delta Company area during the Easter firefight.

she could step over easily. She looked over the wall and saw terrorists running in an open field, heading for the west wall.

"I found my first target and fired from the shoulder," she said. He was wearing dark clothes. She could see no bright colors that some later reported.

She knew that she would need more ammunition and called down from the roof, "Send up the rest of my ammo." She also asked for her Kevlar and her Interceptor Body Armor.

There were other targets. She fired again. And then again. In all, she fired four or five 10-round bursts. She saw dirt kick up behind the terrorists. At least one fell. She thought she might have hit one or two others.

She then moved from the garage roof, to the ladder and climbed to the top of the two- story building. Dropping into the corner, she set her SAW on the short wall around the top of the roof and waited.

Lingenfelter was racing back to the battalion area. As they reached a T-intersection near another long, high wall, Lingenfelter could see out to the west gate. He could see activity down there, the MPs firing to the west.

Bradleys and Tanks

It was about this time that the BIAP Quick Reaction Force, in tanks and Bradley Fighting Vehicles, appeared. As they passed through the gate, and out onto a road that paralleled the wall that separated Delta soldiers from the terrorists, and no more than 25 yards from where Bowen had set up her weapon, they began firing.

She said, "The Bradley's arrived and they lit up everything."

They opened fire on a small building, near the tree line where Bowen had seen terrorists. She heard a woman screaming for a while.

Sourbier, on the Soldier's Palace, said, "The terrorists were firing at the walls and had

no flank protection. When the tanks started firing, the enemy looked toward them. They started running, trying to get out of there."

With .50 machine guns, the QRF attacked. Sourbier could see the rounds piecing one of the walls, and saw the rounds slamming into the ground around the terrorists, kicking up geysers of dirt all around them. They fled for the tree line 50 or 100 yards behind them.

SPC Josie Plein of 234th's HHC, said that she was in the company operations area, a couple hundred yards from the building where Bowen had set up her SAW. With SPC Jennifer Smalley, she ran from the HHC operations toward the Soldier's Palace. They stopped in the building to grab their ammo.

Plein said, "Let's go up on the roof."

From there, three stories up, they had a panoramic view of the west side of BIAP. Plein said, "We could see people in the buildings and people hiding in the trees."

There was no QRF in place when Plein and Smalley arrived on the rooftop. They could see the terrorists in the

tree line, moving around. A couple came out in the open, but Plein was too far away to engage them successfully.

Like Bowen, Plein said the terrorists were dressed in dark colors. Then the tanks came up, drove in front of their position and turned onto the road to the checkpoint. They stopped and turned, opening fire.

Major Shawn Cheney and I, officers with the 234th, heard the firing and headed toward the Soldier's Palace. We climbed the steps and found a dozen soldiers with the Headquarters and Headquarters Company up there. Sourbier was in one corner, his M16 leveled and loaded, but he still hadn't fired.

I asked if they had radio communication with either the BATCON or the Battalion Commander. Sourbier showed me one of the small, handheld radios and said, "We can't raise anyone."

I looked around and saw Plein, and told her, "I want you to go to the BATCON and tell them what's going on up here. We can see people in the trees."

She didn't say anything, just turned to go. She ran down the steps and then onto the BATCON. She said, "I told them

about the fighting and which building the terrorists were using."

Plein said that she then ran back to the Soldier's Palace. "I stayed up there for three hours until I was relieved by SPC Misty Whitley.

Message from Ma Deuce

In the meantime, I moved to the shoulder-high wall. About a hundred meters away, I could see the top of the building where Bowen had set up her SAW. Just beyond them, I could see that the QRF had maneuvered into position. One of the Bradleys was right on top of the checkpoint, no more than 25 meters in front of the

meters in front of the advanced position of Delta Company, 234th. The gunner was using a .50 machine gun to hammer at the building and the tree line.

The soldiers on the rooftop could see the tracers bouncing in the open field and hitting the building. Sourbier pointed to the tree line and told Major Cheney, "There's movement there. See it?"

Cheney nodded.

I decided we needed to get closer for a better look. I crossed the roof and met Major Andrew Ussery as he came up the stairs. Ussery, dressed in PT shorts and a T-shirt, wearing his Kevlar and vest, and carrying his pistol stopped me and asked, "What's happening." When I hesitated, he added, "I'm senior officer on the post."

"We've got people in the tree lines, about 500 meters to the north. They've been engaged by the QRF. We can see some movement."

Both Ussery and I returned to the forward part of the

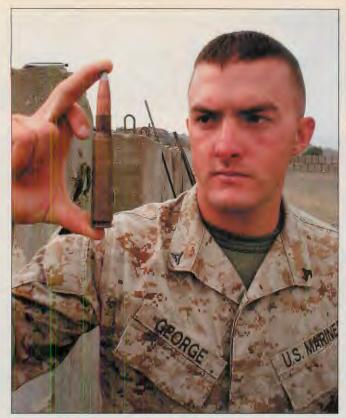
Continued on page 76



SPC Josie Plein, second from the left at table, relaxes during meal by Iraqis as thanks to soldiers for their help. During the firefight on Easter Sunday, Plein ran from her position on Soldier's Palace to battalion TOC, to apprise them of situation on the western side of BIAP.



Marine Scout Sniper Team Packs 'Em In On The Pak Border TEXT & PHOTOS BY DAVID TATE M40A-3 rifle in 7.62x51 NATO, with Unertl 10x (fixed) scope with mil-dot reticle has an effective rang of up to 1,000 yards. (inset) A view through one of Blaster 3's scopes. SULDIER OF FORTUNE · www.sofmag.com · 50000007 0000 1400 FEBRUARY 200



LCpl Bobby George, Nashville, Tenn. Shows the .50 cal Roffus round: Match-grade loads can capitalize on the usefulness of this caliber.



Blaster 3 (left to right) Sgt. Boby Threadgill, Whittier, N.C., Cpl. Hunter Sorrells, Memphis, Tenn., LCpl. Bobby George, Nashville, Tenn., LCpl. Ellil Quinonnes, San Juan, P.R.

eventually gave up," said George. Bud not before four rockets would land — one on a mud-brick house some distance from the base.

"I was watching the rockets land," said Sorrells. "Then one hit a house and it just disapeared."

Marine Corps Scout Snipers are arguably the best of the best. Roughly 200 full-fledged active duty snipers, out of 210,000 Marines, put the scout snipers in a category of their own, comprising just one-tenth of one percent of the entire Fleet Marine Force.

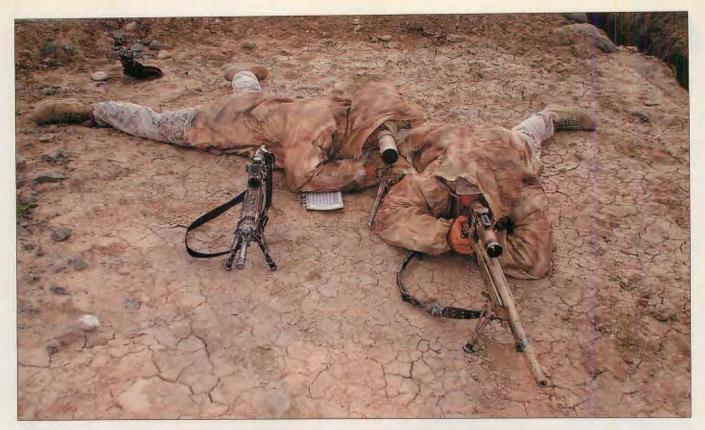
In "Blaster 3," just one of the four Marines has actually completed training and has earned his "hog's tooth," a drilled 7.62 round that each sniper wears on 550 cord around his neck. The rest of the men continue to train until the day

comes when they get a chance at the school.

The Scout Sniper team usually consists of four Marines: The scout, who's packing a standard M16A2 equipped with an M-203 grenade launcher. His job is simple: To walk backwards at all times covering his team's rear. As you move up in the chain, you become the radio operator, or RTO, the lifeline for the team. He carries a standard M16A2. The final spot you can reach without finishing scout sniper school is assistant team leader, who also acts as the trigger puller's spotter. Using a 40x spotting scope, math formulas and environmental information, the assistant team leader calls out windage, minutes left or right, dope, slope and range, finally using the bullet's vapor to zero in the sniper's shot.

Once accomplished at these three positions, you still need





to be senior in your battalion, in top physical condition, and recommended by the platoon before going into "indoc," or indoctrination, a grueling one-week course to see if the recruit even has what the scout snipers are looking for. All of this, and your commanding officer's recommendation, before you ever get a shot at the brutal 10-week scout sniper course, a course that might see three out of 20 recruits ultimately complete. "You can't believe how difficult it is," says Sorrells.

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Range: Up to 1,000 yards Holds one minute of angle

Assistant Team Leader: Cpl. Hunter Sorrells

Rifle: SAMR (modified M16A2)

Caliber: 5.56 NATO

Scope: Leupold TS-30 3x9 with a mil-dot.

illuminated reticle.

Effective Range: Up to 800 yards

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Rifle: SASR (Special Applications Scoped Rifle [Barrett])
Caliber: .50 BMG (using match-grade "Roffus" round)

Scope: Unertle 10x (fixed)
Range: Up to 2,000 yds

(Not officially a sniper rifle; Holds three minutes of angle)

- D.G.

Cpl. Hunter Sorrels with SAMR — modified M16A2 — calls the shots for Sgt. Bobby Threadgil with M40A3.

"You're up 20 hours a day for 13 weeks. I lost 30 lbs in school. It will humble you like nothing else."

Sorrells wasn't picked to continue the course in his first attempt. He made it into the final week of the third phase before being dropped. Sorrells has no regrets and expects to be invited back soon, as early as January, where he is sure the results of his training will be different.

"I've already been through much of the school once. That, plus more than 40 real-world missions... I've learned a lot." Much of what the Marines learned is that war can be very boring. It took until late September before the Marines were even engaged. Prior to that, the snipers were effective in other ways than by dispatching the enemy with precision fire.

In the weeks before coming to Salerno, Blaster 3 was deployed to "A-bad," short for Asadabad. The FOB at Asadabad had seen regular rocket attacks throughout the spring and early summer. As word that the Marine Corps sniper teams had started operating in the area, the rocket attacks all but stopped.

In reality though, what the team really wanted was to engage the enemy in direct combat. They wanted to put their training to the test, and before long, they would get their chance. As the coalition began beefing up security in September ahead of October's historic elections in Afghanistan, Blaster 3 was once again sent to Asadabad. There they would soon find themselves in a position they had yet to face in Afghanistan.

Full-Scale Combat

After springing an ambush on more than 30 militants, the Marines of Blaster 2 and Blaster 3 were running out of real

Continued on page 80

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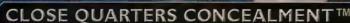
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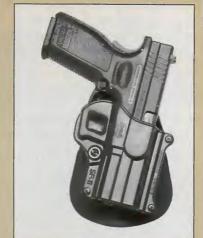
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For cops – by cops! That's an accurate description of the new 882 SBT Police Knife by Buck Knives. It is, in fact, the first knife designed for police work by request of law enforcement. But its appeal and applications go far beyond that to include tactical, rescue and emergency response work.

Interviews with more than four-dozen law enforcement agencies throughout the country, from patrol officers to upper administration, provided the guidelines for the tailor-made design. The result is a rugged lockback with a partially serrated 3-1/2-in. blade made of ATS-34 steel. Closed, the 882 is 4-5/8 inches and it weighs 4.7 ounces. The blade has Positive Deployment Texturing™ (PDT) for two-hand opening, the safest method. It also features a thumb hole/blade stop when one-hand opening is desired. The glass-reinforced nylon TACCOM™ (tactical composite) handle provides superior grip and minimal abrasion to fabric. A reversible clip makes it ambidextrous.

GET A BATTLEGRIP™

Buffer Technologies has unveiled their BattleGrip™ accessory pistol-grip. The BattleGrip™ is built to fit all M16/M4/AR-15-series rifles and clones. It's also built to withstand the rigors of combat. Made of injection-molded, high-impact resin, the housing has a strength approaching that of aircraft aluminum. The sure-grip finish is smooth enough to accommodate adhesion of pressure switches for laser and lights, yet "sticky" enough for a positive hold — without the need for checkering that's found on grips made of waxy polypropylene. The absence of scallops allows for gloved useage; a special tab seals the gap behind the trigger-guard, without interfering with the rifle's winter trigger feature.

Inside, the BattleGrip™ can hold spare batteries for night-vision scopes, IR and visible-light aimers, Aimpoint/EoTech-style sights and GPS units. It can store two Aimpoint-type batteries, in addition to two AA or 123 lithium batteries. The flexible cover keeps out water and dust, and can be opened even in the dark, with gloves. In fact, the design is so unique, it has a patent pending.



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TEXT BY, AND PHOTOS COURTESY JIM WARNER, ESQ.

arly in 1967, the Third Marine Division began to transition to the new M16 rifle. The transition was not smooth. First, the men were unfamiliar with the new weapon, and there was no time to send them to the range to learn to use it. They had to learn in the field, on combat operations. Second, there were serious problems with the ammunition, which caused frequent jams and the occasional case separation, with no tools to dislodge a broken casing from the chamber.

Almost immediately, in May of '67, the Third Division was moved from the area around the Marine Air Base at Chu Lai and sent to Northern I Corps to reinforce the base at Khe Sanh. In order to secure the base and allow fulfillment of the expanded mission of interdiction and control of the North West corner of the Republic of Viet Nam, it was necessary to take Hill 881. During the battle for 881, the problems with the new rifle soon became apparent. I remember one close air support mission in which we were told, by the airborne controller, that the forward air controller on the ground reported that most of the rifles in the company were jammed. There was a famous photograph on the cover of Stars and Stripes, which showed two Marines, half way up the hill, lying on their backs, trying to clean their rifles. There was considerable discontent. There was a rumor that Secretary of Defense

Robert S. McNamara was trying to keep Stars and Stripes from reporting on the M16 problems. I still know old Marines who are contemptuous of the rifle as a result of the early problems.

In the Marine Corps, an infantry company battalion will have a Marine aviator or flight officer as a forward air controller. In July of 1967, one of the officers our Squadron, Marine Fighter/Attack Squadron ("VMFA") 323, was sent to serve as a forward air controller with the 26th Marines, at Khe Sanh. Air crew were required to get at least four hours of flight time per month,



Repatriated after six years in captivity, author receives welcome at Clark AFB, Republic of the Philippines, en route home in March, 1973.

in order to maintain proficiency. Thus, once a month he would return, briefly, to the Squadron to fly a few missions. The first time he returned, several of us went to the Officer's Club for a beer with him. At the time, Chu Lai was running low on beer and we were restricted to two beers apiece.

Them Who Has. Donate

Here it is necessary to explain a long-standing tradition in the Marine Corps. We were not as well funded as other services. Frequently, in order to fulfill our mission, it was necessary to "requisition" (i.e., steal) needed materials from whoever had them. This is called "cumshaw," a word whose origins, I am told, are the Chinese words "kam sia" which mean "thank you." An officer or enlisted man skilled at "cumshaw" was an essential member of a Marine Corps unit. He was a man with an unusual skill at finding where a needed item could be found, and figuring a way to obtain it without the unit to which it was assigned learning of its disposition. We had two such individuals in 323, an enlisted man who answered to me in my role as coffee mess officer, and a naval flight officer who was formerly teamed with the aviator/forward air controller who had returned to get flight time. These two were so good they even stole two pickup trucks from the Air Force, in Okinawa, and had beds and

lockers shipped in from Okinawa for our enlisted men.

Someone in our party mentioned to the cumshaw artist that he should find out where, in South East Asia, there is beer. He started to say that he was working on that when his former partner interjected that his skills would be better employed finding out where there were magazines for M16s. He insisted that the Marines at Khe Sanh did not have enough magazines for every Marine to have one, and Marines being relieved on duty had to give their magazine to the Marine who relieved him.

The cumshaw officer said that he knew that there was a warehouse at the Air Force Base at Ubon in Thailand, which was full of magazines for the M16. He then dropped the subject.

Two days later he came to me and asked if I had sufficient space in my area of the hangar to store several pallets of materials. He said that I would have to secure the area, and post it as containing classified material. This was easy to do, since I was avionics officer and had the largest space in the Squadron, as well as handling classified electronics equipment and documents.

He left in the base "gooney bird," an old C-47 cargo plane that was obsolete at the end of World War II, and which was piloted by an E-9 enlisted pilot, the last one on active duty in the naval service. I went on a mission. When I returned my senior enlisted man, the equivalent of a first sergeant, showed me where the magazines were stored. In the center of our hangar was a pallet on which an unidentifiable mass was covered by a tarpaulin. The area was roped off, with signs indicating that it was a restricted area whose contents were marked "Secret." There were two enlisted Marines armed with the reliable M14. The sergeant explained that he had instructed the guards to permit no one to pass the rope except their relief, himself, or me. This was around 1130 hours.

If You Can't Fill that Inside Straight, Bluff

Sometime after lunch a Marine Corps bird colonel, whom I assumed to be the base executive officer, accompanied by an Air Force major and lieutenant colonel, entered the hangar. They approached the restricted area. The enlisted guards challenged them and informed them that they could

not proceed. They demanded to know what was under the tarpaulin. The guards responded that their instructions were to discuss the classified materials only with someone with the proper clearance and on a need to know basis. One Air Force officer started to lift the rope and approach the tarpaulin. Both sentries raised their rifles and demanded that he halt. The senior of the two informed him that their instructions were to shoot anyone who crossed the rope. The Air Force officer complained to the Marine Colonel, who informed him that, unlike Ubon Air Base in Thailand, this is a combat zone and these Marines were following orders. "I don't think your magazines are here," he said, and led them away. As they left the hangar the two Air Force officers kept looking over their shoulders at the tarpaulin.

There was a regularly scheduled C-130 flight to Khe Sanh that left Chu Lai in the evening, I believe around 2200 hours. When I returned to the hangar after an 0400 hours mission, I saw that the magazines were gone. I later was told, by the cumshaw officer, that they were delivered to grateful Marines at Khe Sanh.

I was shot down and captured over the North in October. As a result, the news I received about the siege of Khe Sanh was communist propaganda. Nonetheless, I followed the siege with great interest. I often thought about those magazines and wondered what the result would have been had our cumshaw artist not arranged to have them transported from a place where they were not needed to a place where they meant life or death to fighting Marines.

Jim Warner, Esq. now serves as General Counsel for the National Rifle Association. 🕱



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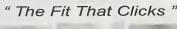
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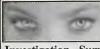
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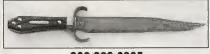
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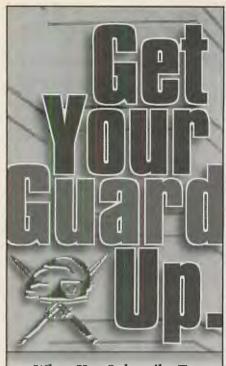
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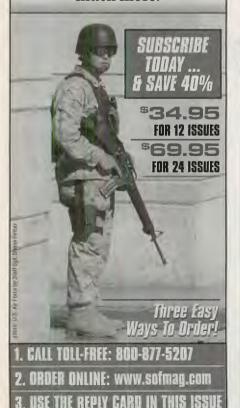
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CPL. RANDY BERNARD

HIT, Iraq (Oct.10, 2004) — Marines from Scout Sniper Platoon, Headquarters and Support Company, 1st Battalion, 23rd Marine Regiment, Regimental Combat Team 7, won a decisive battle against a heavy insurgent threat recently.

The snipers were called to action after they received reports that hundreds of heavily armed insurgents, dressed in black garb, were occupying the city.

"We are the eyes, ears and trigger finger for the battalion commander," said Sgt. Herbert B. Hancock, the chief scout sniper for the platoon. "Anything that he sees as a threat, we are sent out to check up on."

The snipers were the first Marines to enter the city and observe the threat. Once the snipers had located the insurgents and established positions to assess the situation, the snipers realized just how right the reports had been.

"They were all out in the open doing whatever they wanted to," said Hancock, 35, a native of Bryan, Texas. "They were in control of that side of the city, rerouting traffic, threatening to kill people and terrorizing people.

"Any convoy that looked like it had anything to do with the coalition was attacked and hit by (improvised explosive devices). There were civilians and civilian cars in the area, but they didn't care. They were being blatant about the fact that they were in control."

After witnessing the insurgents pull people from their cars, shoot at civilians and detonate IEDs in the traffic circle, the snipers began to fire at them.

Sergeant Milo S. Afong, a sniper with the platoon, took

Sgt. Joseph D. LaBorde, a scout sniper with the Scout Sniper Platoon, Headquarters and Support Company, 1st Battalion, 23rd Marine Regiment sights in with an M82A3 Special Applications Scope Rifle. The .50 caliber rifle has stopping power capable of disabling a vehicle by taking out its engine block from great distances. the first shot.

"I had a perfect silhouette of his body and his weapon," said Afong, 23, a native of Vista, Calif. "It had been the first time I saw people out here with weapons."

After the first shots were fired and a few insurgents were hit, the masked men in the traffic circle realized they were under attack.

"Even more of them showed up carrying (rocket propelled grenades) and AK-47s," said Cpl. Stephen R. Johnson, an assistant team leader with the platoon. "That is when they started shooting back. At first they were fighting us out in the open and behind cars. That wasn't working for them so they got up in the buildings and tried to set up concealed positions and shoot at us.'

According to Gunnery Sgt. Timothy J. Dowd, the platoon commander, this battle marks the first time in history that snipers from 1/23 engaged enemy troops and was also one of the largest scale sniper missions in Operation Iraqi Freedom.

That was the heaviest firefight in the city, according to Johnson. That particular firefight lasted approximately 45 minutes. However, the sniper battle against the insurgents in the area lasted several more days, until their extract.

"The whole time it was like we were in a shooting gallery with people shooting at us," said Afong.

The Marines proved themselves as valuable assets to the

"We showed how (a handful of) guys basically eliminated a whole platoon," said Johnson, 24, a native of Woodlands, Texas. "We have proven that snipers are cost effective with lives and rounds. There are no substitutes for snipers on the battlefield."

The snipers made it out of the fighting with only minor injuries.

Rinky, Dinky, Parlay Coup

Continued from page 17

Mann, who organized recruiting and training of the mercs in South Africa to stage the coup in Equatorial Guinea, earned his status as *jefe maximo* of the mercs in Africa when he established the notorious security-consulting firm, Executive Outcomes, in the 1990s. He and his company became the icon for merc activities in African conflicts after the end of the Cold War, when the super powers tired of supporting proxy wars in Africa.

Mann and his partners in Executive Outcomes gained instant respect and recognition by all military adventure seekers when they flew 500 men, most of them former special forces, to Angola. Their patron, the Angolan state oil company, ordered them to destroy Jonas Savimbi's Unita guerrillas which threatened the Savo oil region of northwest Angola and diamond fields in the northeast. The mission was successful.

Mann's next major operation was under cover of a firm called Sandline, which thoroughly trounced the rebels in Sierre Leone, shipping arms to the Sierra Leone government, in spite of a UN arms embargo.

"Mann's outfits were the most effective mercenary opera-

Aquitaine to Sani Abacha, Nigerian dictator, according to Cryptogon News.

In the weeks following the Johannesburg meeting of the merc commanders, Calil phoned Lord Archer twice more.

Lord Archer reportedly deposited \$134,000 in Mann's account during that period.

Robber Barons have well placed friends when there's a mutual interest. This one was oil.

Calil called the hopefully soon-to-be president of Equatorial Guinea, his friend Severo Moto. The leader of the opposition party of the former Spanish colony was still in exile in Spain.

Equatorial Guinea Information Minister Agustin Nze Nfumu dubs Calil the "Godfather of Severo Moto." Calil admitted to giving Moto "modest" financial support in recent years.

Calil and Moto, to get rid of the greedy regime from hell—and to make themselves richer in the meantime, recruited Mann and his co-conspirators.

"Calil asked me if I would like to meet Severo Moto ... I met Severo Moto in Madrid. ... At this stage they asked me if I could help escort Severo Moto home at a given moment, while simultaneously there would an uprising of both military and civilians against [President Teodoro Obiang

"This is the revenge of the black African governments against the White mercs. We pulled out of South Africa when the black government took over and started putting on the heat. They didn,t look kindly on the white soldiers hired by the old regime.

The death sentence was their answer." the Leggionaire told me.

tions put together in the last two centuries when they suppressed the revolutionaries of Foday Sankoh, who butchered his way through Sierra Leone for years. Mann took 232 men and four MI24 helicopter gun ships, and with \$32 million overwhelming defeated the terrorist rebels. The corrupt UN, on the other hand, was too snobbish to use mercenaries, and replaced them with 15,000 Nigerian troops, wasted and spent \$500 million, and then couldn't get the job done right," *SOF* publisher Brown said.

Executive Outcomes was closed after South Africa, concerned about its reputation as mercenary staging ground, passed the Regulation of Foreign Military Assistance Act in 1999, which criminalized mercenary activities, by South Africans.

"We definitely do not like the idea that South Africa is a pole for mercenaries," Foreign Minister Nkosanzana Diamini-Zuma told BBC. South Africans are listed among the mercenaries "every time" a merc related incident arises.

This time was no exception.

The Godfather

On the same day that the plot was being hatched in Johannesburg in January, Lebanese Oil magnate Ely Calil placed two telephone calls to Lord Jeffrey Archer from his Chelsea, London mansion.

Lord Archer, on probation after his jail term, was across town. The illustrious author was back in action, in his posh London penthouse on the Thames.

The French police had investigated Calil, who reportedly made his fortune trading Nigerian oil, in 2002 for bribes worth millions of pounds paid by the French oil Giant Elf

Nguema Mbasogo] ... I agreed to try and help the cause", Mann said, according to the Guardian.

The rewards of the involvement would be millions of dollars and future oil consessions

Mann recruited arms dealer Nick du Toit, a former member of South Africa's elite army Special Task Forces and business owner in Equatorial Guinea. Du Toit supposedly worked with Mann in Executive Outcomes. He meddled in diamond mining in the Democratic Republic of Congo and Angola, and fishing rights off the coast. He was dealing diamonds during the 1998 coup attempt in Sierra Leone. (Cryptogon)

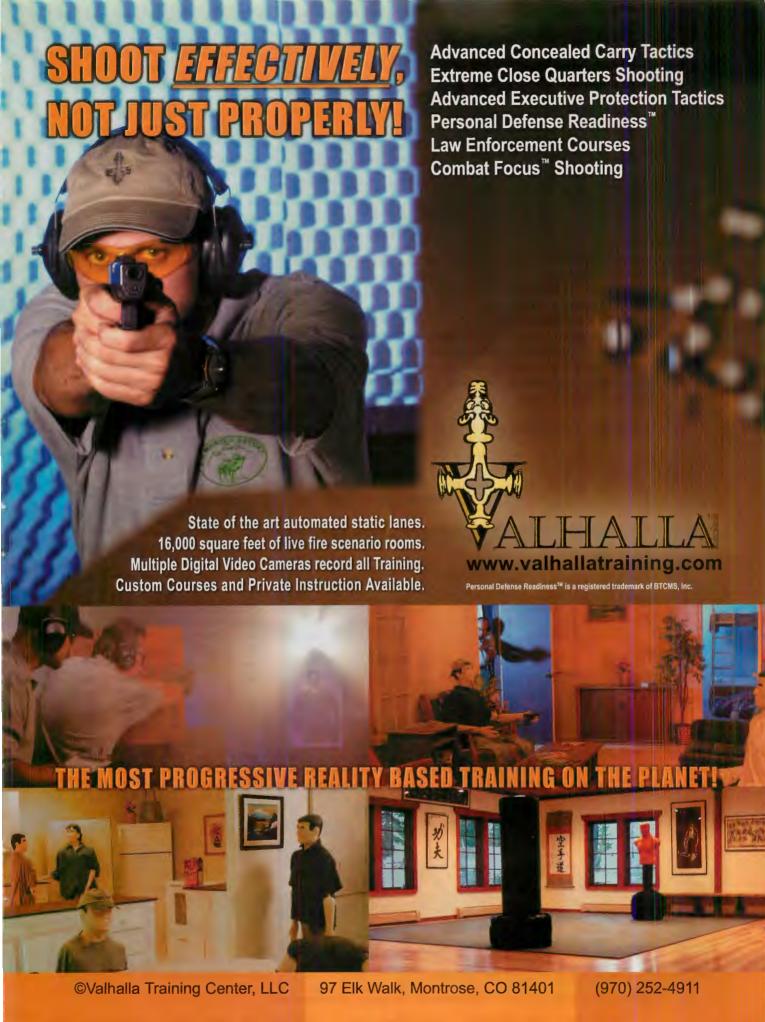
Du Toit said that when Mann and two other men approached him and asked him to take part in the coup, he refused. A million dollar offer helped change his mind.

Lust for Power

Moto had failed to take power in a mercenary-led coup in Equatorial Guinea in 1997. For seven years he had planned and waited for an opportunity to takeover the oil-rich African country. In Spain, he had been negotiating with Spanish Prime Minister Jose Maria Aznar, who, military sources said, was aware of the plot to overthrow the monstrous regime of Todoro Obiang Mbasogo.

The Obiang tribe had ruled the country since it had been de-colonized from Spain in 1979. The ruthless Obiang overthrew his uncle in a bloody coup in 1980. He ordered his thugs to butcher his uncle to make sure he was permanently out of the way.

In the mid 1990s the U.S. closed its embassy in Malabo after the U.S. ambassador received death threats for ques-



tioning the regime's human rights records.

Three years ago Exxon Mobil, Chevron, Texaco, and Dallas-based Triton Energy, a company with close ties to President Bush, according to the Sunday Herald, invested more than \$5 billion in Equatorial Guinea's oil production. The companies successfully lobbied to have the U.S. Embassy opened in December 2001 in a gesture of strengthened relations with the Obiang family.

Equatorial Guinea, with 500,000 inhabitants, is one of the poorest countries on the planet, and barely survived on cocoa and coffee exports before oil started flowing in 1996. At least the inhabitants barely survived. Obiang and his son laundered millions of dollars out of the country. A good chunk of money is in Riggs Bank in Washington, to "facilitate operations with the various oil companies which operate in this country," according to Obiang's regime. (Africa Confidential)

The oil business, which is now 90% of the exports, estimated at 2 billion dollars per year, has made Equatorial Guinea one of the fastest growing economies in the world and the third largest exporter of oil in Africa.

"He has just
devoured a police
commissioner. I say
devoured, because this
commissioner was
buried without his
testicles and brain.
We are in the hands of
a cannibal."

Cannibal Demon

"Economic interest groups were behind the coup plot in March; these days Equatorial Guinea is an important country in the oil sector," President Obiang told a *News 24* reporter in Senegal. "Some say that oil is a curse, but it is not true; what is a curse is how Africa has been managed, since the time of slavery until now," Obiang said.

That statement comes from a madman who proclaims himself in permanent contact with the Almighty. "He can decide who to kill without anyone calling him to account and without going to Hell because it is God himself with whom he is in permanent contact, and who gives him strength," reports the Sunday Herald.

Moto characterizes Obiang as "a demon who systematically eats his political rivals." In a radio broadcast in Spain, the former colonial ruler of Equatorial Guinea, Moto said, "He has just devoured a police commissioner. I say 'devoured' because this commissioner was buried without his testicles and brain. We are in the hands of a cannibal."

Eating a strongman's organs gives courage and strength, or so the legend goes.

"In the 1970s a third of the population were killed or fled into exile under the regime of Masias Obiang. His nephew (Obiang) seized power in 1979, promising to liberalize the country. And although now, in theory, it's a multi-party democracy, opposition supporters, diplomats and a number of human rights activists maintain that it remains a dictatorial regime, fueled now by the arrival of oil," Anthony Goldman, African analyst for Clearwater research Services told BBC.

He went on. "It's had an unfortunate passage of dictatorships from the colonial period, and then, after independence, regimes of unparalleled brutality even in Africa.

"A foreign oil engineer reported that when he handed over to police a man caught stealing petrol, the man was made to brace himself up against the counter in the police station with his hands forward. One of them smashed his rifle butt down on the man's hand so hard that it basically exploded and disappeared. The police then climbed in with sticks and beat him to death."

Patrick Smith, editor of Africa Confidential said that in the periodic coup attempts against Obiang, "the people involved are just rounded up, paraded before the state media and then they disappear forever."

Obiang's brother, the top internal security officer, is a torturer whose minions throw buckets of urine over their victims, slice off their ears and rub oil into their bodies to attract biting soldier ants.

Next month, a disastrous coup.

Dr. Martin Brass is an international lawyer and frequent longtime contributor to SOF.

▼



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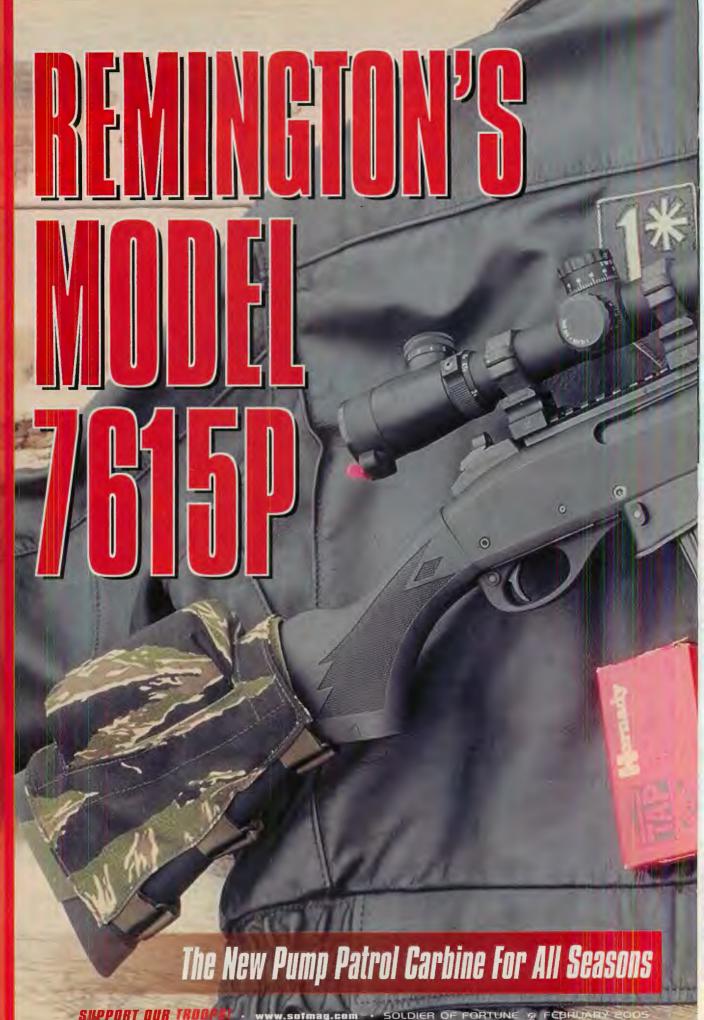
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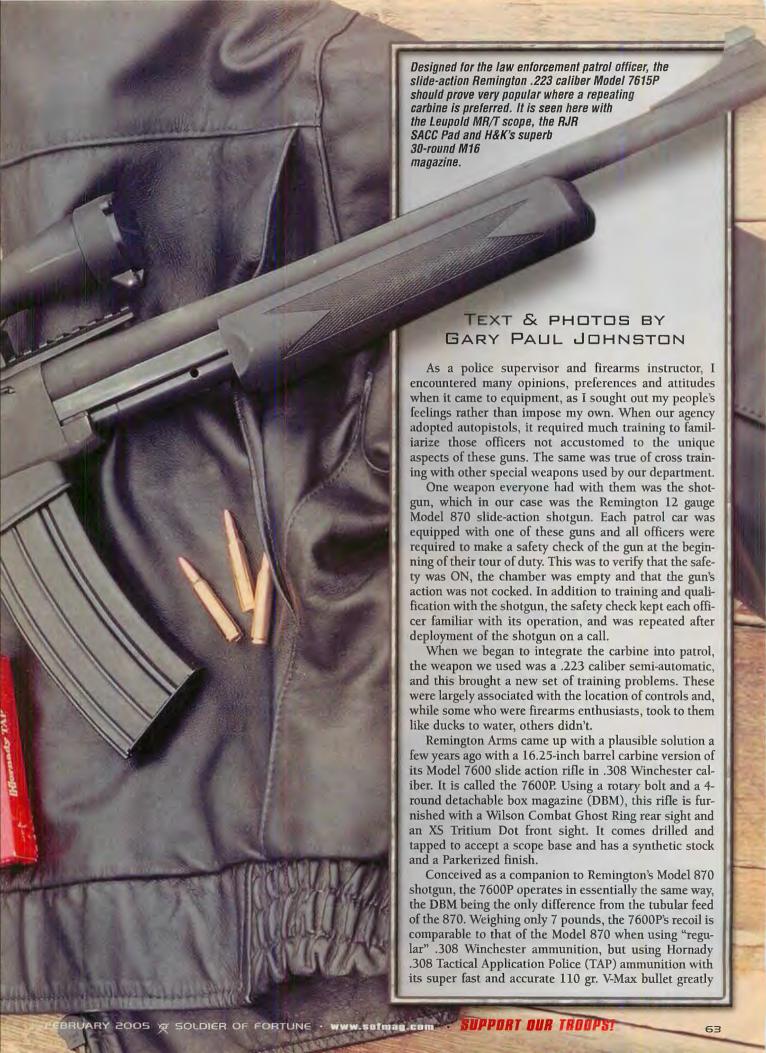
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Johnston found that a standard 20-round AR-15 magazine worked well for its compactness. (inset) Like its Model 7600 sibling, the Remington 7615P uses a two-lug rotating bolt for strength and reliability.

reduces the recoil. Now, however, Remington has taken its pump-action rifle for a quantum leap.

The Model 7615P

Thinking outside the box, Remington has designed a new version of its 7600P in .223 Remington caliber. Called the Model 7615P, the new carbine gets the last two numbers from the fact that it will accept any AR-15 (or M16) magazine. This is accomplished by using a special new AR-15 style magazine-well that is assembled into the 7615P's steel receiver.

The aircraft alloy magazine-well not only resembles that of the AR-15, but also uses a similar magazine release. Other than this, a smaller bolt face to accommodate the .223 head, and its .223 barrel, the new carbine is identical to the 7600P. Oh, yes, since the smaller bore results in more steel in the barrel, this and the magazine well ad roughly 1/4 pound to the carbine.

Firing the .223 Remington cartridge and using the AR-15 magazine gives the Model 7615P a number of advantages. One of these is light recoil, along with a cartridge having



Aimpoint's brand new QD 3X Extender was tested on the 7615P along with the Aimpoint Comp ML2 Red Dot Sight. (right) To remove the 3X Extender for CQB, simply unlock, twist 90 degrees and lift off/replace with no effect on zero. The combination is seen here on MSP's MOA Solution M1913 extended rail.





greatly reduced over-penetration and ricochet potential. At the same time, expanding .223 bullets used by law enforcement have much more potential for incapacitation over the full metal jacket (FMJ) types used by the Military.

In addition to the cartridge, are the high-capacity 20- and 30-round magazines available, and the fact that they can be changed very quickly. As with the 7600P, the 7615P otherwise operates exactly like the Remington Model 870 shotgun, and most other pump-action shotguns used by law enforcement agencies.

Recently I was privileged to receive the prototype Remington Model 7615P.223 carbine for a first look by SOF. It is a prototype and there will be minor changes/improvements in the production model from what you see here. What's more, I took the 7615P even further in order to better meet what I believe are the responsibilities of first responders to a crisis incident.

REMINGTON MODEL 7615P SPECIFICATIONS

Caliber: .223 Remington.

Muzzle Velocity: 3000 fps.

Operation: Slide-action repeater.

Barrel Length: 16.25 inches.

Overall Length: 37.5 inches.

Weight: 7.25 pounds

Feed Device: Any AR-15 magazine.

Safety: Cross-bolt safety.

Sights: (front) XD Tritium post.

(rear) Wilson Combat Ghost Ring adj. for W/E.

Stock Furniture: Matte black synthetic.

Finish: Parkerized. Price: \$625

"...Prevent the Killing, Stop the Killing and Prevent the Dying!"

Patrol officers responding to crisis incidents are charged with preventing the killing, stopping the killing and stopping the dying of innocent victims. To aid in the 7615P's ability to make fast precision shots, I wanted to test it with a suitable scope base, and in today's world that means one made to M1913 specifications. Since there was none to be had, I contacted Mark Krebs, of Krebs' Custom Guns, and he said it was a piece of cake. Less than a week later I had a state-of-the-art M1913 rail on the 7615P.

Made of 7075T6 aircraft alloy, the rail was mounted to the four top receiver holes and extended from the Wilson Combat rear sight 7.6 inches forward (2.25" forward of the receiver). At the end, a stud was fixed + -.0005" off the barrel to provide support in case the rifle was dropped on the rail. While Remington now offers a M1913 rail for its 870



(above) Leupold's Scout Scope found a perfect place on the Krebs M1913 Extended Rail. (below) Here Leupold's new MR/T 3-9X Scope is seen mounted on the 7615P using A.R.M.S. QD ThrowLever Rings. The MR/T has an illuminated reticle and is identical to the TX-30A2 now in use with SF in Afghanistan and Iraq.



police shotgun, it is unknown if one will be available for the 7600P or 7615P. The idea here was to provide an extended base to allow the mounting of virtually any optic or combination thereof, and I checked out several including Aimpoint's latest optic.

Brand new from Aimpoint is a 3X Extender for its excellent Comp ML2 Red Dot Sight. Positioned directly behind the Comp, the Extender can be instantly removed by depressing a lever, turning it 90 degrees counter clockwise, and lifting it off. Replacing it is just as fast. I also checked out the Eotech Reflex Sight, the Trijicon 4X ACOG, Leupold's Scout Scope and its new Mid Range Tactical (MR/T), the same scope used by our Special Forces. All of them worked flawlessly on the Krebs rail with A.R.M.S. Throw Levers and other mounts, indicating that operators will have a wide range of optical choices. However, like the carbine, the Krebs rail is a prototype hurriedly made for our tests, and it may improve as well in production, as Krebs was so impressed with the 7615P that it will make a rail for it and the 7600P.

New Choate Stock

Because of the configuration of the 7615P receiver and the length of the stock, I was unable to get optimum eye relief with some telescopic sights, and many night-vision devices (NVD) will present this problem. One solution is to use a MOA Solution extension rail from Mounting Solutions Plus (MSP).

Using A.R.M.S. ThrowLevers, these

ACCURACY CHART/.223 REMINGTON				
Cartridge	Muzzle Velocity	Small Group	Large Group	Average
Black Hills 52 gr. Match	3081 fps	1.34"	1.46"	1.39"
Cor-Bon 55 gr. JSP	2926 fps	1.69"	1.86"	1.75"
Hornady 55 gr. TAP	2918 fps	1.41"	1.58"	1.49"
Remington 55 gr. JSP	2909 fps	1.36"	1.44"	1.40"
Winchester 50 gr. BST	3157 fps	1.14"	1.28"	1.21"
Wolf 55 gr. FMJ	2913 fps	1.73"	1.81"	1.78"
Five 25-Yard 5-Shot Bench Rest Groups W	/ith Oehler P35. Elev: 7000',	Temp: 94*, Humid: 18%		

rails elevate a second M1913 rail that is adjustable to extend back over and beyond the ghost ring rear sight, to provide the perfect eye relief, but here's a news flash. As you read this, Choate Machine & Tool has a brand new replacement stock for the 7615P that folds and is also adjustable for length of pull, using an M4 system, giving new meaning to the 7615P for law enforcement.

Trigger Time

The 7615P performed fine in testing, feeding everything I loaded in various magazines including the excellent steel magazine made by Heckler & Koch. Two 30-round magazines held together by Buffer Technologies Mag-Cinch also worked find in the carbine. However, as with any slide action, it is possible to short stroke the action, and, as with an AR-15, it is easier to insert a loaded magazine with the action open. I found that using straight 20-round AR-15 magazines there was less of a chance to short-stroke the carbine, but

my wrist hit the curved 30-round mags.

The slide action is about three times faster to operate than a bolt action. To get an optimum cheek weld when using optics, I equipped the carbine with the Strap-on Ambidextrous Cheek Comb (SACC) Pad from R.J.R. Enterprises. This cheek piece provides optimum comfort in any weather and the height can be quickly changed using three pads.

In the accuracy department, the 7615P did extremely well, which should come as no surprise. Using the Leupold 3-9X MR/T Scope, one-hundred-yard bench rest groups hovering around 1.5 MOA were common with most brands of ammunition used — this in spite of a typical factory trigger. Law enforcement agencies and hunters alike should find the Model 7615P a welcomed addition to a fine family of rifles.

A 6.8mm SPC 7615P

As you read this, the 7615P will be in full production, but here's a scoop: Remington is expected to display the carbine in its 6.8mm Special Purpose





(above) The Eotech Reflex Sight worked perfectly on the 7615P, as did two 30-round magazines held together with Buffer Technologies' Mag-Cinch. (left) Trijicon's excellent 4X ACOG is another combat optic that has application on a patrol carbine.

Cartridge at the 2005 SHOT Show in January. It may be called the 7668P. but no one is talking. The 6.8mm SPC uses a magazine that is interchangeable with that of the M16, making it an easy addition, and this combination will also be ideal for hunting mediumsized game. For information, contact Remington Arms Co., Inc., Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 700, Madison, NC 27025, 800-243-9700 or on the web at www.remington.com . 🕱

CONTACT SHEET

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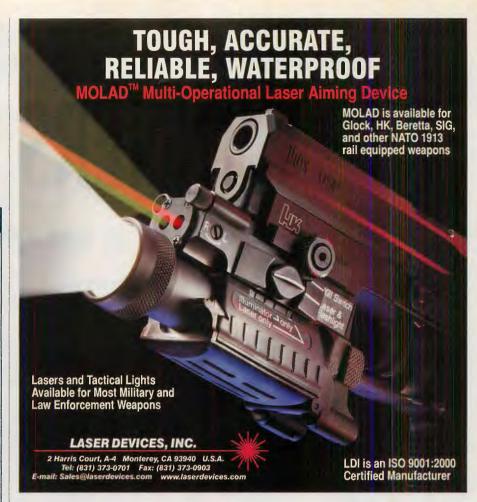
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THE WINNERS ARE IN!

19TH PRIZE OVERALL



"Knock-off Krinkov" by Sgt. Suad Jakupovic

(locally made weapons at safe house, Orgune, Afghanistan)

Suad wins a set of Dillon HP1 Electronic Hearing Protectors



20TH PRIZE OVERALL



"Engineer Tool, M2" by Pfc. Mark Riccio

(84th Combat Engineers, Irag)

Mark wins a Spyderco Operation Iraqi Freedom Commemorative Folder



FREEDOM PHOTO CONTEST

For the next few issues, SOF will take pride in publishing the winning entries of the Enduring Freedom, Iraqi Freedom Photo Contest. We would like sincerely to thank the sponsors of this contest, who have demonstrated their generous and patriotic support for our men and women in uniform and in

harm's way, by donating prizes of "the right stuff" as a tangible example of our national appreciation. This good-as-it-gets gear is a suitable "Thank You" to our troops who have given the very best of themselves. Prizes awarded will be showcased with winning entries, as a "thank you" to our generous sponsors.

21st PRIZE OVERALL



"M60 by USAF, Skivvies by SOF" by Tsgt Roy Luke USAFR

(Camp Snoopy, Qatar)

Roy wins a Spyderco Operation Iraqi Freedom Commemorative Folder



22ND PRIZE OVERALL



"Can't Shoot A Hawg Driver Down" by MSgt. Larry J. Glemser

(111th Fighter Wing, 103rd FS, Pennsylvania ANG, Tallil, Iraq)

Larry wins a Spyderco Operation Iraqi Freedom Commemorative Folder





THE PARA-ORDNANCE WARTHOG

There Are No Warts On This New Pistol But Its Name

TEXT & PHOTOS BY GARY PAUL JOHNSTON

rom high-capacity 1911style autopistols to singlestack single-actions and back again, Para-Ordnance continues to offer high-quality guns with a number of innovations.

Famous for its fully supported barrel with integral one-piece feed ramp, Para-Ordnance is just as well known for perfecting the high-capacity double-column, single-position feed .45 ACP caliber magazine. Para-Ordnance's full-size P-14 pistol holds 14 rounds of the world's favorite pistol cartridge, and the frame that houses it is just as much of an achievement. Versions holding 13-, 12- and 10-rounds of .45 ACP were quick to follow, but the onset of the magazine ban limited all such future magazines to 10 rounds.

The magazine ban prompted firearm enthusiasts to take another look at the single column 1911 pistol, and a resurgence in its popularity followed. Para-Ordnance coun-



Carried cocked & locked, the Warthog's speed hammer is just one of the stainless steel parts that contrasts the pistol's black Para-Kote finish.



Brand new from Para-Ordnance for 2005 will be the 14-45 Limited, an LDA version P10 size pistol, the Carry, and an all-black version of the Warthog with extended magazine base.

tered with a new series of single-column 1911 pistols with a unique trigger system called the Light Double Action (LDA). This was complemented by a new family of single-column 1911 pistols in single action. This family made its debut at the 2004 SHOT Show and included a line-up as impressive as any I've seen.

Included in the 2004 Para-Ordnance pistol family were not only single-stack 1911's in different lengths, but also various calibers including 9mm and .40 S&W, as well as new styling. Consisting of custom style machining, two-tone finishing and special grips, this styling set the new pistols apart on the outside, but there was also an internal improvement that was even more important.

Para-Power

Bringing a new name to the table was a revolutionary new extractor. Called the Para-Power Extractor, this new part is actually a sub-assembly consisting a control arm, pin, spring and an extractor the likes of which we've never seen in a 1911. Roughly 50% wider than a conventional 1911 extractor claw, that of the Para-Power Extractor provides much more purchase on the rim of the cartridge, for optimum reliability. Since the extractor is a weak link on any gun, this is quite important.

Having a separate spring is also a good thing for an extractor, especially in the case of the 1911. This is because the spring of the standard 1911 extractor is part of the extractor, and it's relatively sensitive with proper use, not to mention if the slide is closed on a chambered round. Many extractors have been bent or broken with such use, but you won't have

PARA-ORDNANCE WARTHOG

SPECIFICATIONS

Caliber: .45 ACP
Muzzle Velocity: 850 fps.
Barrel Length: 3 inches.
Overall Length: 6.5 inches.
Weight: 24.6 oz.

Feed Device: 10-round box magazine.

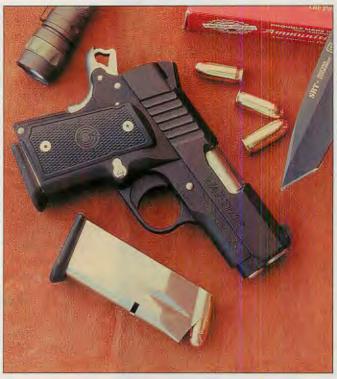
Safety: Thumb safety, firing pin safety and grip safety.

Sights: 3-dot combat blade and rear drift adjustable for

windage.

Grips: Black Synthetic.

Finish: Black Para-Kote with contrasting stainless steel.



Designed as a big gun in a little package for concealed carry, Para-Ordnance's new Warthog holds 10 rounds of .45 ACP in its magazine plus one in its chamber, to give its owner eleven chances for survival without having to reload.

to worry about that with the Para-Power Extractor.

Although it has never been recommended for the above reasons, with the Para-Power Extractor you can safely drop a cartridge in the chamber with the slide locked back and then release the slide to go into battery, and the Para-Power Extractor will smoothly and safely slip over the round. It goes without saying that any pistol should always be pointed in a safe direction when loading.

The Warthoo

As proof that things not so beautiful take on a utilitarian beauty, consider the U.S. Air Force A-10 attack plane that is affectionately called the "Warthog." Beauty is as beauty does, and this fabulous plane has certainly done some beautiful things against our enemies in the Global War On Terrorism (GWOT).

ACCURACY CHART/.45 ACP CARTRIDGE

	Velocity	Small Group	Large Group	Average
Black Hills 185 gr. JHP	876 fps	3.78"	4.04"	3.93"
Federal 165 gr. JHP	889 fps	3.92"	4.16"	4.09"
Wolf 230 gr. FMJ	726 fps	4.11"	4. 23"	4.17"

Five 25-Yard 5-Shot Bench Rest Groups With Oehler P35. Elev: 7000', Temp: 94*, Humid: 18%



Perhaps this is what inspired the official name of one of Para-Ordnance's newest pistols.

Called the Warthog, the new Para is a vastly updated and upgraded version of the company's original .45 ACP caliber single action P-10, the smallest 10shot .45 in the world. Like other members of Para-Ordnance's new pistol family, this one has the new rounded grooves to retract the slide, and the front strap is grooved for more purchase when gripping the gun. Other features include new Para Combat Sights, new stainless steel conical barrel and recoil spring group, stainless speed hammer, thumb safety, grip safety, slide stop and magazine catch, hex head grip screws, and two stainless double-column, single-position-feed magazines. All of this contrasts against the Warthog's satin black Para-Kote finish. Smooth and tough as nails, Para-Kote is also highly corrosion resistant.

As mentioned, other than these features, the Warthog is pretty much a product-improved version of the P-10...Oh, yes, it also comes with the new Para-Power Extractor. Will the Para-Power Extractor fit in a standard 1911 slide? Not as a drop-in, but the extractor hole in Colt-pattern slides can be reamed to accept the Para Power Extractor, and Para-Ordnance is considering making it available to custom gunsmiths.

Trigger Time

Did I forget to mention Para-Ordnance's improved sear design? Standard in all Para-Ordnance pistols, this sear provides a smooth, crisp lefoff without modifications. This trigger probably contributed to the Warthog's ability to produce 25-yard groups within about 4 inches. With its short sight radius, the little pistol was pushed to about its limit of effective accuracy, but proved comfortable to shoot and neither of its ten-shot magazines ever malfunctioned.

For some, the short grip will seem very short, but this is a pistol for concealed carry. However, Pearce Grip makes finger extensions for many short magazines, and this is one of them. By the way, the Warthog can also use any Para-Ordnance .45 ACP caliber high capacity magazine.

Leather

Even with its 10-shot magazine, the Warthog's grip is noticeably shorter than that of the Colt Officer's ACP, but it is also wider. Thus, this compact benefits from a well-designed holster for optimum concealment. Good conceal-



The Warthog field strips in seconds without tools. Note its supported chamber and conical barrel, and the full "beavertail" grip safety to prevent hammer bite.

ment rigs depend largely on one's build. In my leaner days, I found an inside holster to my liking, such as those from Milt Sparks, but now I prefer something in a strong side. One of my favorites is the Huntington Wedge from Haugen Leather, of Bismark, North Dakota. DeSantis has a brand new cross-draw that also looks appealing. Called the Sky Cop, this rig was designed for quick access from the sitting position.

If you're looking for a compact pistol with plenty of incapacitating ability, check out the new Para-Ordnance Warthog. While you're at it you might want to also check out two new all-black versions of the Warthog for 2005, one with an extended magazine base and one with night sights called the Nighthog.

There's also a new LDA version called the Carry and more. For information, contact Para-Ordnance Mfg., Inc., Dept. SOF, 980 Tapscott Rd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M1X 1C3; phone: 416-297-7855 (paraord.com).

CONTACT SHEET

DeSantis Holsters, Dept. SOF 149 Denton Ave. New Hyde Park, NY 11040 516-354-8000

desantisholster.com

Haugen Handgun Leather, Dept. SOF P.O. Box 6124 Bismark, ND 58506 701-255-0723

haugenhandgunleather.com

Milt Sparks Holsters, Inc., Dept. SOF 605 E. 44th, #2 Boise, ID 83714 208-377-5577

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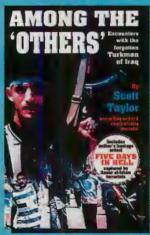


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Miami Marines

Continued from page 27

his sergeants was hit. "Dale, too," he thought to himself. It had only been a couple of minutes and already two of his three sergeants were wounded. He knew he had to get his section moving.

Corporal Goeller was really frustrated. He was in the middle of a firefight. His buddies, whom he had known for years, were being shot and perhaps killed. He knew that his efforts to help were pathetic. He had only a 9mm pistol to add to his Section's firepower. The Marine Corps had put him in this position and he was pissed.

The sum-total of the effective weapons in his vehicle was an M16 rifle and one 9mm pistol. The cheap faulty government-issue 9mm magazines that had been issued for the pistol further handicapped his efforts. The poorly made magazines caused the weapon to jam repeatedly. He had brought one quality police-issue 9mm magazine from home. He now sat in his vehicle in the middle of a firefight taking the bullets out of a government-issue magazine and loading them one by one into the one quality magazine he had. At least then when he fired on the enemy the weapon wouldn't jam.

"Everybody's Getting Hit!"

Corporal Goeller remembers the situation deteriorating. "It seemed like it was Sergeant Pavon, and then Sergeant Dale. It's 'Oh, my God! Everybody's getting it! And it's just like that.

"It was like first 'Sergeant Pavon's hit!', then 'Sergeant Dale's hit!', and Mikey (Lance Corporal Michael Mendez

manning an M16 in his HUMMVs turret), up on the gun (an M16), telling me: 'My God, Sergeant Pavon's hit in the face! It's bad!' then 'Sergeant Dale is hit!' You just get this feeling like this is typical history book shit, and I felt like 'Jesus, we're losing this."

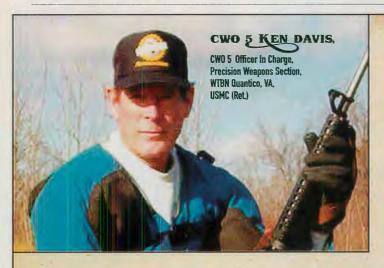
Sergeant Moreno had a 50-caliber machine gun. Although he was completely exposed to incoming fire from the waist up, when he manned the big gun he felt more in control than Corporal Goeller, who had only a 9-mm pistol. It took extreme physical courage to stand exposed within the maelstrom of incoming fire. Moreno knew his Section was counting on him.

As the bullets snapped by his head he continued to fire. He made a huge target for the enemy, but he could see that his fire was having effects. The tank beside him pointed its main gun at a two-story plantation house off the road on the right. It fired.

The 120mm round hit — severely damaging the structure. Three armed, green-uniformed Republican Guard Soldiers sprinted out from in front of the house. They attempted to run around to the back. Sergeant Moreno opened fire killing all three.

Fire continued to come from the second story of the damaged house. The tank started to fire its .50-caliber machine gun into the left side of the second floor. Moreno joined in; only he was firing his rounds into the right side of the second floor. The .50-caliber fire was devastating. With Moreno firing up the right and the tank firing up the left side of the house the second floor lost its support. It completely collapsed upon the first.

Bronze Section had only been in the ambush for a couple of minutes. Staff Sergeant Torres began to take charge to get





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CWO 5 KEN DAVIS

CWO 5 Officer In Charge,
Precision Weapons Section,
WTBN Quantico, VA. USMC (Ret.)

(CWO 5 Davis was the Supervisor (Director) of the production, modification and repair of all of Marine Corps precision weapons. He was responsible for leading the research and development of future generations of innovative and technically advanced weapons and ammunition.)



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them going. He ordered the section to push through the ambush. Bronze Section started rolling forward again, slowly at first.

Sergeant Moreno saw two Jihadists running away on the right side of the road about 250 meters away. His .50-caliber turret was facing left so he grabbed his M16 rifle. "They were running toward the houses that were past the berm. I fired, this time with my M16. I was on the move and I just shot at them. Both of them, one shot, one kill. After that I put the weapon back on safe.

"I was amazed that I was able to shoot them without aiming in. I'm not a really good shooter at the rifle range. I have a very hard time shooting sharpshooter (average for a Marine)."

Wrong Turn

Bronze Section started to really move out. They accelerated to 45 mph and blew right up the road, past the intersection at which the battalion was supposed to turn 90-degrees to the right. Beyond the intersection was a shopping district. Two and three-story high cinderblock strip malls lined the road.

The road was still a four-lane highway with a dirt median separating it into two two-lane roads. But now the buildings were right up against the road on both sides. On top of the buildings the Jihadists had placed buses and cars to use as bunkers. The fire continued, but not as intense as before.

Sergeant Moreno saw two soldiers near a fuel truck about 100 meters off to the right. "I saw a couple of Iraqi soldiers hiding behind a fueler. I shot at the men. Some of the rounds hit the fueler and it caught on fire and exploded. It created this, I guess, environmental mishap, but I had to do it."

The burning fuel truck added to the smoke from the other vehicles on fire lining the route. Charlie Tanks continued to push ahead.

They were still ahead of the Bronze Section at this point. They had been firing main-gun 120mm and coaxial fire everywhere. Burning vehicles were scattered about the town. The smoke at one point completely obscured the road ahead.

The Marines had no idea what was waiting for them beyond the smoke. When they punched through it they saw Tiger Scouts staggered on the road firing up the enemy.

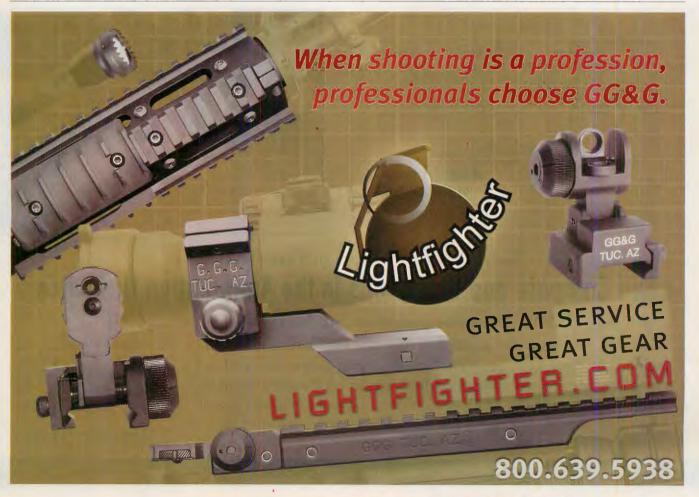
Bronze Section ran right through Charlie's Tanks, which had stopped in a staggered file in the middle of the town. Bronze Section was now the lead unit in the Marine Corps.

Charlie Company's commanding officer, Captain Houston, had his tank disabled by enemy fire. It was burning. When he had dismounted the tank, he had been shot in the head by a sniper. He lay wounded against the back of his dying tank. His tank crew was protecting their fallen leader. They were energetically engaging the enemy with their small arms.

Staff Sergeant Torres pushed forward and stopped the section near the end of the shopping district where the fire was not as intense. They were now about two kilometers from where the ambush had begun, and about 1,300 meters past the intersection. If they had continued down the road another five kilometers they would have been in Baghdad. Along with the Tiger Scouts they executed a u-turn and took a halt.

Donald Schutt is a Lt. Col. USMCR. He is a Desert Storm veteran, and former OIC of TOW/Scout Miami. He is an airline pilot.

In next month's conclusion, the Miami Marines fight their way into Baghdad. 🕱



Fire Fight At BIAP!

Continued from page 41

building and I pointed out the terrorist positions. As soon as Ussery nodded, I ran back across the rooftop and headed down the stairs.

Coming up was SPC Josh Daws, another SAW gunner. Just over a week later both of us would engage terrorists who fired at the convoy we were on in southern Iraq.

I said, "Come with me."

Daws didn't hesitate. He whirled and followed me down the steps. We ran across the street and then using the concealment of the 10-foot tall grass along an irrigation canal, ran to the north. We turned down a road that crossed the canal and ran past three soldiers near a Delta Company truck.

Near the house, one soldier had taken up a firing position.

Daws and I worked our way down the short, narrow path between the garage and the two-story building to the ladder Bowen had used to get into position. I slung my weapon and started up one side of the ladder slowly. Daws, impatient, started up the other side of the ladder, passing me.

No Room For Tourists

Bowen, still in her corner position, looked down and said, "Don't come up here unless you've got a SAW."

Daws reached the top, and Bowen saw his SAW.

I climbed over the top, and then crouched slightly, moving to the far side of the building where there was an open space for him. Someone said, "Get down, sir."

Daws took up his position in the corner where he could see the building and tree line. I dropped to the rooftop right next to him.

SGT Michael Cripes pointed at the trees and said, "I've seen them in there. Watched them run from the wall."

The fifty cal mounted on the BFV in front of them opened up again, the rounds slamming into the house. There were two loud detonations as a tank about 50 meters to the right fired.

Now there was more movement in the trees. At the farthest point, the "L" of the tree lines, there was a gap and five terrorists who looked as if they were on horses, tried to escape. They disappeared behind the palms.

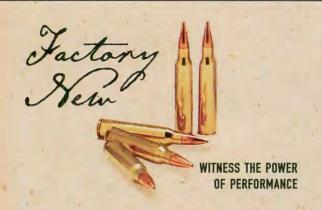
We all watched as the tanks and Bradleys worked over the tree lines and the house where the terrorists were. There were three more loud detonations as the tanks fired, mixed with the hammering of the fifty cals. But the firing was beginning to taper as the terrorists tried to disengage.

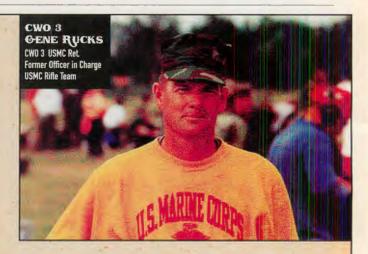
Tungesvik, with Lingenfelter, arrived at the TOC. Lingenfelter checked the Force Protection Net, but there wasn't much on it. The information he had came from what Plein had relayed earlier.

Before Lingenfelter left the TOC, he found CPT Scott Tasler, the commander of the HHC, and told him to get someone up on the roof of the TOC. Tasler ordered Hoth into that position. With that, Lingenfelter headed for the Soldier's Palace.

Still on top of the Delta Company building, I got up and climbed down the ladder. I ran back the way he'd come and climbed back to the top of the Soldier's Palace. Lingenfelter was in the corner close to the enemy position studying their movements and getting an earful from Sourbier. He'd directed the soldiers with him to the best defensive points on the roof.

I reported to him, explaining what he had seen from the forward position. I pointed out where the terrorists had





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been in the tree lines and where the QRF had attacked. I then ran back to his house for more ammunition. I had carried only a single magazine, not expecting the enemy to be quite as close as they were.

All Over But The Shouting

I then ran back to the two-story building. By the time I returned the roof, the fight was essentially over. The tanks and BFV were still there, but they were no longer firing. After 30 minutes, I climbed back down. Bowen and two other Delta Company soldiers stayed in place on that roof, and several soldiers stayed on the Soldier's Palace, waiting for another attack.

Observation Posts were left up that night. One was on the Soldier's Palace. Another was on the two-story house and a third was placed on a small house that straddled a canal about 200 yards behind the two-story house and near a long and nearly unguarded section of the west wall south of the point of attack. None of those posts reported any movement that evening or night.

The next day Lingenfelter talked to an MP who had been at the checkpoint. The MP said that he had seen the terrorists attempting to emplace a mortar near the wall. He and another MP had opened fire, killing one of the mortar men and driving the others back.

Other soldiers, some with the 234th, said they had seen terrorists fall. One soldier said that some of the enemy had run behind a building about the time a tank round detonated there. He said that he saw no one moving in that area again.

Sourbier said that there had been so many rounds fired into the field, and that so much of the ground had been torn up, he couldn't see how everyone could have been missed. There were plenty of targets until they ran into the tree line. Then the tanks and the Bradleys worked over the trees and the single building there. Fifty cal rounds were pumped into the house until there was no return fire.

South of that point, in an area protected by the Special Forces, and head-quartered in a palace on the highest ground in the BIAP area, 12 terrorists were captured. These were the only prisoners taken that day in that area. They might have been fleeing from the failed attack, or they might have been attempting to probe another part of the wall.

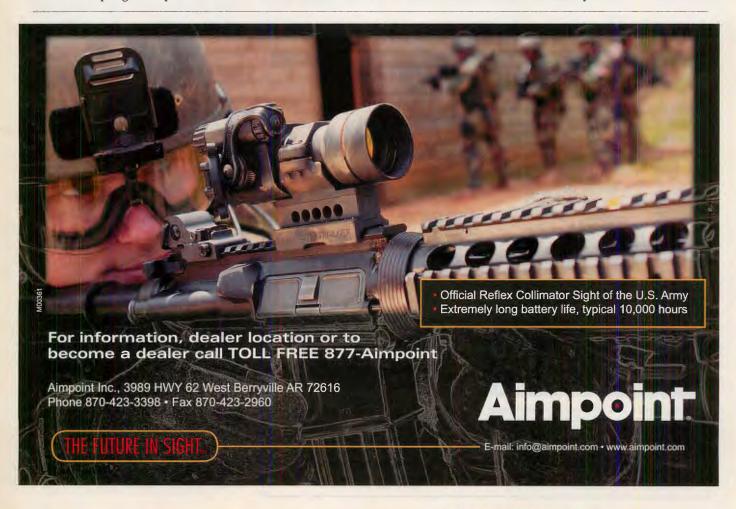
The terrorists had attacked with

between 50 and 70 people. Eyewitness accounts suggest that between six and 12 of them were killed or wounded. That's not a staggering number by most standards, but it was more than 20% of the attacking force.

Reactions of the 234th soldiers varied from disappointment that their role hadn't been larger to jubilation that no one had been badly hurt in the attack. The 234th's only casualty, Ruback, was returned to duty in a matter of hours.

Josie Plein might have expressed the feelings of everyone when she said that it had been exciting to be kind of involved in the fight. "It's an Easter that I'll never forget."

Kevin D. Randle, PhD, is a major of intelligence in the Iowa National Guard, serving in Iraq with the 234th Signal Battalion, which was called to active duty on 15 March 2003 and was released on 14 June 2004, after 11 months in-theater. He also served in Vietnam, with the 116th and 187th Assault Helicopter Companies, and may be the only pilot to destroy a chopper with a land mine. In civilian life Major Randle is a freelance writer, publishing books and articles on many subjects including the wars in Vietnam and Iraq.



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Hostage In Iraq

Continued from page 34

conscience... or go to your death as a liar." With that said, the newcomers promptly left the house.

Next Time, Ask for Ham

That evening I was once again asked what I would prefer as my "final meal." After arguing, again, that my appetite wasn't exactly stimulated by my imminent death, I asked for a roast chicken. When the food arrived, they kept one of my hands tied to the bed and kept a pistol to the back of my head. It seemed they were taking no chances in letting me escape execution.

It was only 9 p.m. — just 11 hours after they first came, not the promised 24 — when the other terrorists returned. I did not feel cheated out of the time, as I was actually dreading the thought of another night of agony in the handcuffs. I had made my peace with God and if necessary, I was prepared to die.

As soon as everyone was settled around my bed, the interrogator said that I did not have to fear any torture as this round of questioning would be far more straightforward. "It is either life or knife — with each answer that you give us," he said, "So please relax." For over one hour I answered all their questions - careful to avoid the obvious traps. For instance, when asked, "Have you ever visited the State of Israel?" I replied, "No, I have never been to the occupied State of Palestine."

I have no idea whether or not my answers were convincing - in fact, I suspect that the decision to release me had already been made at some high level — but during one of my lengthy replies, the interrogator suddenly said, "Stop. Get your things. You will live. You are free."

Once the handcuffs were removed, I was handed my shoes and jacket and it seemed as though they were the ones anxious to be rid of me. Still with my eyes taped shut, I was driven to a highway where one of the guards flagged down a passing taxi. Another man ripped the tape off my eyes, pushed 10,000 dinars (\$6 U.S.) into my shirt pocket and pushed me head first into the back of the cab.

I was free.

Scott Taylor is publisher of Esprit de Corps, the Canadian military magazine (www.espritdecorps.ca). 冥

Continued from page 10

later. The friends of the person I busted surrounded me and busted a few beer bottles over my head. I thought to myself, I got myself in this situation for a few measly dollars. I wish "Dog" the best of luck, but I have no desire of ever doing the bounty hunter thing again ... and I only did one bounty gig.

Paul Dale Roberts

Bounty hunting can be a good profession for those properly trained and qualified — but it makes a poor, and dangerous, hobby. If one has a serious interest in the field, he should read American Bounty Hunter by Bob Burton (find it at www.paladin-press.com), and seriously consider joining one of the professional associations. And if you find a guy on the Post Office wall, you can usually just snitch him off and get the same reward, without apprehending him yourself.

Camel Jockeys

I have a question: I would like to know if our Special Operations Groups, would consider adding camels to their tactical mobility. I was considering raising camels and injecting GPS tracking devices beneath their skin to track and locate their whereabouts. Should camels be used in a covert manner and released back into the tribesman camps. It's just a thought at this time, but the concept of GPS animal tracking would lead to some interesting Intel. Thank you for your time, and great magazine.

B.L. Molina

The U.S. Army tried using camels back in the 1800s, at Ft. Huachuca, Arizona, because of their legendary ability to go without water. Uncle Sam brought along a camel trainer named Hai Jolly to teach Army mule skinners how to use 'em, but in the end the camels and mule-skinners were mutually unimpressed with each other and the project was dropped. Contemporary accounts differ, but it is generally accepted that Hai Jolly bought some of the camels as Army surplus and opened a freight line between Ft. Huachuca and California with unrecorded success, and some were alleged to have been turned loose to fend for themselves in the desert. When this writer was stationed at Huachuca 45

years ago, the occasional wide-eyed inebriate would come into the MP desk to report he had seen a camel. But these reported camels were a strange lot they always left a cow track.

For The News

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Sincerely, Timothy D. Gault, MSgt, USAFR

Radical, Us?

I have read SOF magazine for many years — once bought it at newsstands to support their business. Then when the magazine was "pulled" from the shelves as being "too radical," I have found ways to get copies. Now I have a steady subscription to SOF, which I consider probably the only source of the news that the liberals will not publish.

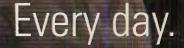
OK, we have a country nose deep in problems. We've got criminals in jail that can vote as "provisional voters," we've got immigration problems on the borders that makes Swiss cheese look like solid slices, we've got illegals drawing benefits from the various states around our southern borders and the states can barely afford to keep going, we've got gangs of thugs on the streets that the police cannot touch until they commit a crime in the U.S., we have terrorists here by the droves and cannot do anything about them because the liberals think "there a bunch of nice boys," so what should we do? Even Geo. Dub will only go so far.

Can we write you in as a candidate for the Presidency? Would love too. Guess Ollie would be the Secretary of Defense, right?

Viet-Vet - Hugh "Doc" Cain

Boy, are we glad you came up with this idea after the election!

SOF solicits your letters by e-mail: editor@sofmag.com; snail-mail: 5735 E. Arapahoe, Unit 5A, Boulder, CO 80303; or Fax: 303-444-5617. Lashes, laurels, comments, helpful information, questions are welcome. We may edit for space or clarity, and if two letters cover the same subject, the most concise one has the edge for publication. Visit our web site: www.sofmag.com.



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Blaster 3

Continued from page 45

estate. At 8,900 feet on a steep mountain, still slick from yesterday's rain, the Marines were backed up on a rock outcropping with nowhere to go but down 900 feet.

"We had nowhere to go but to fight it out," said Sorrells. "We had ACM (anti-coalition militia) above us coming down the finger toward us. They were all over the mountain." They were also firing light and medium machine guns, RPG's and mortars at the outgunned sniper teams, in a fight that would last for 10 hours.

From their position, the sniper teams worked in sync with artillery and precision strikes by A-10 Warthogs called in to assist the outnumbered and outgunned Marines.

The snipers would use precision fire to flush the militants from their hiding spots where the A-10's were waiting for them with more than two dozen gun runs with their 30mm cannons, plus two 500-pound bomb strikes. "One of their buddies would go down, then they would scatter for the planes to pick off," said Sorrells, acknowledging that he, Threadgill and Blaster 2's sniper, Cpl. Dzaibo, all "got shots off." The shots were taken at ranges between 800 and 1,100 yards.

In all, the eight Marines faced as many as 30 men, killing 18 of them in a firefight that was finally broken off by militant forces after the Marines eventually received reinforcements. The Marines suffered no casualties.

As we sat in the tent at FOB Salerno that Blaster 3 calls home, I looked around and saw a motto on the wall. It said, "May God have mercy on my enemies, because I won't." And I wondered to myself why these men had decided to vigorously pursue a job that forces you to look into the eyes of another man as you end his life. So I asked them the question I'd been trying hard to find the courage to ask.

The room went quiet for a second before Sorrells spoke up. "One of the most surreal feelings is knowing our buddies are being rocketed. We're saving Marines' lives. In our eyes, what more can you ask for?"

David Tate is a return contributor to SOF, and has spent the past year in Afghanistan covering the War on Terror as a freelancer. You can find more of his work at www.battlefieldtourist.com



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Command Guidance

Continued from page 6

streaming down their face. Brother, should I have been in your boots, I too would have done the same.

For those of you who don't know, we Marines, Band of Brothers, Jarheads, Leathernecks, etc., do not fight because we think it is right, or think it is wrong. We are here for the man to our left, and the man to our right.

We choose to give our lives so that the man or woman next to us can go home and see their husbands, wives, children, friends and families. For those of you who sit on your couches in front of your television, and choose to condemn this man's actions, I have but one thing to say to you.

Get out of your recliner, lace up my boots, pick up a rifle, leave your family behind and join me. See what I've seen, walk where I have walked.

To those of you who support us, my sincerest gratitude. You keep us alive.

I am a Marine currently doing his second tour in Iraq. These are my opinions and mine alone. They do not represent those of the Marine Corps or of the U.S. military, or any other.



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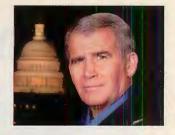
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War Crimes?

BY OLIVER NORTH



WASHINGTON, D.C. — By now, almost everyone in the world with a television has seen the videotape that appears to show a U.S. Marine shooting a wounded Iraqi terrorist inside a mosque in Fallujah. For the record, here are the facts, because facts — not rumors or emotions — really are important. Here is what those who were there told me:

On Friday, Nov. 12, U.S. Marines were fired upon by terrorists armed with AK-47s, RPD machine guns and rocket-propelled grenades from a mosque and an adjacent building. The Marines returned fire, first with M-16s and 240G machine guns, and then, as they continued to take fire and casualties, they escalated to an MK-19, a 40mm grenade launcher and then an AT-4 missile.

When none of these weapons successfully eliminated enemy fire, the platoon commander called for and received permission to open fire with the main gun of an M-1 Abrams tank and then storm the buildings. In the ensuing assault, 10 terrorists were killed and five others were wounded, as the Marines went room-to-room clearing the buildings. Immediately afterward, two correspondents accompanying coalition forces were shown a large quantity of AK-47s, machine guns, mortar rounds, explosives, RPGs and hand grenades that had been stored in the mosque.

While the print and broadcast cameramen were photographing the evidence of a war crime — weapons being stored in a place of worship — the Marine unit received an order over the radio to advance and secure another building. As the bone-tired troops departed for their next objective, one of the correspondents asked what would become of the wounded terrorists. A Marine sergeant replied that another unit was to move up and evacuate the injured enemy to the rear for treatment and detention.

The following morning — Saturday — another platoon of Marines from a different company was attacked from the mosque. A second gunfight ensued, and once again, a squad of Marines assaulted the structure. They were accompanied by NBC correspondent Kevin Sites and his cameraman, taping for the "pool" — meaning that whatever tape he filed would be available to all the networks accredited to cover Operation New Dawn.

According to the videotape and the report filed after the action, as the Marines burst into one of the rooms inside the mosque, they found four terrorists — one dead and three wounded. In the video that has now been seen around the world, one of the battle-weary Marines points his weapon at one of the enemy combatants lying against the wall and shouts, "He's (expletive) faking he's dead. He's faking he's (expletive) dead." An instant later, the Marine raises his rifle and fires into the insurgent's head. Immediately thereafter, another Marine can be heard saying, "Well, he's dead now."

For American broadcasts, the actual shot is "blacked out." But when the tape airs on Al Jazeera, Al Arabiya, Lebanon TV and other Arab media outlets, nothing is left to the imagination. Unfortunately, neither version is accurate — though both are very troubling. Like so much of what's on television today, only the goriest, most sensational portion of the tape

has aired. As a consequence, "the rest of the story" — as my friend Paul Harvey puts it — has been lost in the clamor created by 15 seconds of videotape.

Only a few have seen the footage shot the day before — providing irrefutable evidence that the mosque was a well-defended arms depot. And fewer still have viewed the very next sequence after "the shooting," which shows two Marines pointing their weapons at another combatant lying motionless. Suddenly, one of the Marines jumps back as the terrorist stretches out his hand, motioning that he is alive. Neither Marine opens fire.

According to the Marines, a Navy medical corpsman was then summoned to treat the two wounded prisoners. In his original written report, Sites, the correspondent who videotaped the shooting, doesn't mention the medical treatment provided to the injured enemy combatants, but he does note that four of the combatants were some of those who had been left behind from the firefight on Friday. If the NBC reporter knew that from being there the day before, why didn't he tell this new group of Marines before they rushed into the room?

None of that is included in the tape, which is now being used to raise Islamic ire at the "American invader." Why? And why did it take more than a day to learn that the Marine seen shooting on the videotape had been wounded in the face the day before if the correspondent knew that when he filed the videotape? Why didn't the original story include the fact that a Marine in the same unit had been killed 24 hours earlier while searching the booby-trapped dead body of a terrorist?

Within hours of the videotaped incident in the mosque, another Marine was killed and five others wounded by a booby-trapped body they found in a house after a gunfight. Why was this not made part of the original story? Even Amnesty International, no friend to the American armed forces, has reported that the Iraqi terrorists have illegally used white flags to lure coalition forces into ambushes. Yet this, too, is absent in the original story.

Though the Arab media doesn't mention it, the incident is being fully investigated — even as combat operations continue. If a court martial is convened, the young Marine in the videotape will have a chance to defend his actions. Meanwhile, Arab broadcasts outside Iraq that won't even mention the murder of relief worker Margaret Hassan will replay the "shooting video" for weeks to come as an incitement to join the Jihad.

In the rush to air sensational footage, the "pool" system failed us all. Worse yet, it failed the young soldiers and Marines and their brave Iraqi allies who are fighting to liberate Fallujah from the terrorists' bloody grip. Even though the "shooting video" lacked context and failed to tell the full story — it became the big story. If it becomes the story of Fallujah, that would be a crime.

To find out more about Oliver North, and read features by other Creators Syndicate writers and cartoonists, visit the Creators Syndicate web page at www.creators.com.

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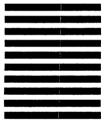
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